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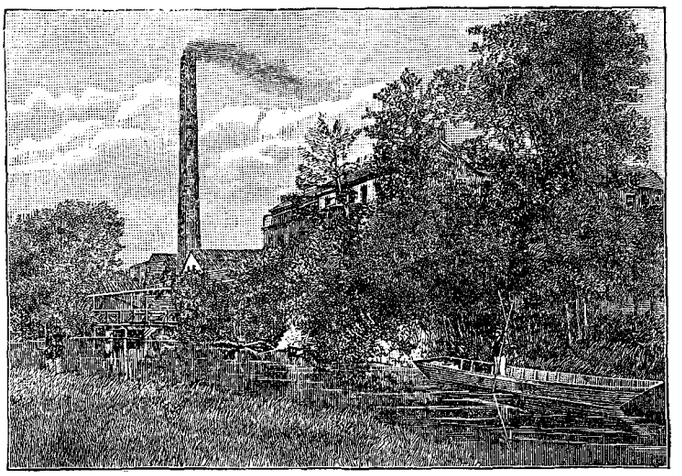

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The Week

WHILE the Allied forces in Macedonia were making the advance which in a few days forced Bulgaria to ask for an armistice, the Anglo-Egyptian army in Palestine was beginning a forward movement whose brilliant success thus far may before long put Turkey out of the war. Following the occupation of Jerusalem in April, little was heard of General Allenby for several months, although it was assumed that he was waiting for the hot weather to pass before again setting his army in motion. The advance began on September 19, with Damascus and Aleppo, the former about 100 miles and the latter about 300 miles from Jerusalem, as the objectives. Within three days, notwithstanding the difficult country, the Seventh and Eighth Corps of the Turkish army had been wiped out and Haifa, or Acre, had been taken. In another three days the Fourth Army Corps had been surrounded, and on October 1 the Anglo-Egyptian forces occupied Damascus. The advance is continuing in the direction of Beirut. The total of prisoners taken is reported to exceed 71,000, not including 8,000 claimed by a coöperating Arabian force. The sudden and sweeping success of General Allenby has put a new face upon the war situation in the East. Damascus is only 180 miles from Aleppo, on the Constantinople-Bagdad railway; and as the British now command the railway communications with Aleppo from the south, the capture of that city ought not to be a matter of many weeks. Even more important, however, is the effect of these victories upon Turkey's relations with Germany. With Bulgaria in the hands of the Allies, it is no longer possible for the Central Powers to send aid to Turkey even if they were disposed to do so; and since there is small likelihood that Turkey, especially in view of the recent disaster, will be able effectually to resist General Allenby single-handed, the collapse of Turkey may soon follow that of Bulgaria. Even if that event is delayed, Turkey is clearly in a position to put pressure upon the Central Powers, instead of continuing to act mainly at their dictation.

THE presentation to the French Senate on September 27 of a formal demand for consent to prosecute Charles Humbert on a charge of treason advances by an important stage another of the state trials by means of which France has been seeking to purge itself of German agents. Senator Humbert is a vastly more important person than Bolo Pasha, and has been a much more prominent figure in public life than Malvy, now in exile in Spain. The charge under which he has been for some months in prison is that of commerce with the enemy; but the new charge of treason, for the prosecution of which the consent of the Senate is necessary, involves the penalty of death. The grounds upon which the accusations are based go back to the early summer of 1915, when the transactions began which resulted in the purchase, with German money, of the *Journal*, one of the leading Paris newspapers, and the establishment of Humbert at its head. One of the intermediaries through whom Humbert eventually acquired a controlling interest in the *Journal* was Bolo Pasha, and the earlier charge of commerce with the enemy involves the allegation that Humbert knew that the money with which the *Journal* was bought came from German sources. The addition of the graver charge of treason rests, apparently, upon the testimony of Berton, a former officer in the French army, who is now serving a life sentence for espionage, and who declares that in 1907 and 1908 Humbert was an agent of the German Government. The political activities of Caillaux, who is also in prison awaiting trial, seem likely to receive further elucidation if, as is expected, the Senate consents to have Humbert tried for treason. The reaction in favor of Malvy which has already shown itself in Socialist and labor circles in France may, however, have the effect of making the Senate more scrupulous about its procedure, especially since the trial of Caillaux, which promises the greatest political sensation since the Dreyfus case, cannot long be deferred.

LIKE President Wilson, Albert Thomas, the French Socialist leader, does not conceive of a league of nations without Germany, but unlike the President, he is in favor of making a beginning at once. "They (the Allies) have lingered too long," he writes. "They must establish not only unity of command, but unity of policy. They must enunciate the common principles of government and action which unite them. . . . Their society thus formed, the Allies will not say to the enemy peoples: 'You are unworthy to come in.' Instead they will say: 'Here are the regulations by which we have bound ourselves. Submit to them and you may come with us.'" He points out that in any society decent men and women have to live by the side of those "capable of becoming thieves and assassins." The same must be true of any society of nations. After dwelling upon the fact that President Wilson found it advisable to recede from his original position in regard to the Hohenzollern, M. Thomas writes that it may be necessary for the Hohenzollern to disappear before Germany may enter the society of nations, but that this cannot be formulated as a first condition by any nation which wishes to respect the internal conditions of another; the democratic conditions of membership in the society should be impersonal. Finally, it is to be noted that M. Thomas regrets to report that the league of nations idea is making no noticeable progress abroad.

EVIDENTLY the Socialist mission to Europe, sent abroad under the auspices of the Social Democratic League, came home with its work not quite accomplished. Its members have reported to President Wilson the need of establishing at Milan and Paris permanent headquarters from which information should be spread among the workers of Europe concerning the true attitude towards the war of the working class of the United States. Mr. Charles Edward Russell, head of the Social Democratic League, who discussed the matter with the President, has announced the full consent of the Administration to the

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scheme. The sincerity and patriotism of Mr. Russell and the other members of the mission are beyond question. It seems fair, however, to raise a doubt as to their qualifications and credentials as official interpreters of the American labor movement. Since their secession from the Socialist party there is little evidence to show that they have been in intimate touch with the working people of this country. Their activities have been rather in the nature of propaganda than inquiry or participation in working-class affairs, and the Social Democratic League has hardly established itself as a body representative of even a small section of American labor. Mr. John Spargo, who remained in Europe to carry on the educational work undertaken by the mission, has sent to the American press occasional reports on the temper of the labor and Socialist movements abroad. Even his most enthusiastic friends have been forced to admit that his interpretations have erred on the side of optimism. From his reports it is hard to distinguish the exponents of an immediate inter-belligerent labor conference from the bitter-enders and enemy boycotters of the Merchant Seamen's League in Great Britain. Is there any reason to suppose that Mr. Spargo and his associates would do better in interpreting to European workers the temper of the labor movement here?

CONSERVATIVE Canadian papers derive comfort from the fact that the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress held recently in Quebec resulted in an electoral triumph for "conservative" labor. The eastern delegates succeeded in voting down representatives of the aggressive western unions, and J. C. Watters was defeated for reëlection as president of the Congress by Thomas Moore, of Niagara Falls. Although Mr. Moore is reckoned a conservative, his election is unlikely to make for the policy of acquiescence and coöperation which employers and Government leaders have been urging upon labor. The fact is that even the right wing of Canadian labor shows little of the temper and attitude that characterize the dominant element in the American Federation of Labor. Thomas Moore is a member of the Independent Labor party of Ontario, and the eastern unions which were responsible for his election are said to favor independent political action and to be heartily opposed to the present Government in Ottawa and its policy of rule by orders-in-council. Strikes still continue, and new elements of discontent have appeared among the organized farmers and returned soldiers. As a protest against their treatment at the hands of the press, the United Farmers of Ontario have recently incorporated a company with $500,000 capital to publish a daily and a weekly newspaper and to manufacture pulp and paper. Among the ranks of unskilled and foreign workers intense indignation has been aroused by a decree from Ottawa prohibiting the holding of any meetings, except church meetings, in enemy languages or in Russian, Finnish, or Ukrainian. An order-in-council recently passed gives to Sir Percy Sherwood, chief of the Dominion police, authority to enforce the Industrial Disputes Act. The enforcement of the act has hitherto been in the hands of the provincial authorities, but apparently the present labor situation has led the Government to take executive action to end the constant menace of strikes in important industries. It would seem that the recent sanguine pronouncements by public officials as to the immediate prospect of an industrial "era of good feeling" in Canada were without any real basis of fact.

THE action of twenty-two members of the Machinists' Local, No. 55, of Bridgeport, Conn., in incorporating the American Labor party, will doubtless be looked upon in many quarters as only another effort on the part of a few visionary workingmen to reform society by creating an organization with a high-sounding name. Much more properly, we think, it may be regarded as an interesting sign of the times. In opposition to the policy hitherto pursued by the American Federation of Labor, the incorporators of the new organization have voted to form a labor party "for the express purpose of exercising their political rights as an instrument of industrial emancipation." The tentative platform is a comprehensive statement of rather extreme radical demands. Public ownership of natural resources and "social utilities"; a basic working day of seven hours, modified in industrial establishments by the nature of the employment; wages determined by the cost of living; public coöperative buying and selling; the abolition of inheritances; a heavily graded income tax; and public ownership of means of production and distribution, are some of the demands which appear side by side with the election of judges by popular vote, limitation of armaments, and the choice of delegates to a peace conference by referendum. The most striking single plank in the platform is one endorsing the war aims of the British Labor party. We have already expressed the opinion that the formation of a genuine American labor party, embracing agricultural labor and intellectual workers as well as industrial wage-earners, would be a hopeful forward step in American politics. The programme formulated at Bridgeport is too radical to command wide assent, but the serious attempt to form a political party to carry the programme into effect shows at least that labor is awaking to the desirability of political organization.

THE presence of fifty-one women candidates in the coming elections in New York State for local, State, and Federal offices shows, if nothing more, that the various political parties know which way wisdom lies. The Socialists, who have always for principle's sake added a few women to their slate, nominated twenty-four, five of whom are running for Congress. The Republican party put in its bid for feminine support by naming five women, including one Congressional candidate; while the Democrats nominated fourteen, two of whom are on the Congressional ticket. The Socialist Labor party and the Prohibition party nominated two and six respectively. The naming of women candidates is the natural and obvious result of the State suffrage amendment, and carries with it no particular significance. The interesting element in the situation lies in the fact that in every district where a woman was nominated the party on whose ticket she is running has a consistent record of past defeats. This rule applies to the Socialist candidates as well as to those of the old parties. The politicians must needs render service to the new elements in their ranks; but it is a lip service only. It is likely that their caution will safeguard the sanctity of the legislative halls, and that few of the women candidates will be elected. But the unknown quantity of the women's vote, and the force of new ideas stirring beneath the exterior of American politics, may upset even the nicely calculated plans of our political leaders to keep women out of office and at the same time to win their good will.

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DISTINGUISHED by Mr. Eastman's remarkable speech to the jury, as noteworthy for its legal ability as for its eloquence and straightforwardness, the second trial of the *Masses* editors ended like the first, with the jury unable to agree. It is reported that they stood this time eight to four for acquittal. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that Mr. Eastman came out on the stand flatly for the St. Louis anti-war platform of the Socialist party. While it is a pity that there could not have been a united jury, this second failure to convict will, we trust, lead to the abandonment of any further efforts by the Department of Justice. Further prosecution would spell persecution. While the *Masses* represented a type of journalism which does not appeal to the *Nation*, it has been impossible for us to believe from the beginning that its editors were guilty of the conspiracy with which they were charged. Their conviction would have seemed to us a blow at the freedom of the press. That has already been endangered enough by the Post Office authorities; had Mr. Eastman and his associates been convicted, the United States would have fallen still further behind England and France in liberalism and tolerance, and far below the standards which the President has held up for us as the correct ones. We are sanguine enough to believe that five years hence even the prosecutor will look back upon the result with much satisfaction.

CHEERING news for our downtrodden friend the ultimate consumer is contained in Chairman Baruch's announcement that the War Industries Board has put into effect fixed prices and selling arrangements for boots and shoes at retail. The extraordinary and apparently capricious advances that have taken place in the prices of footwear of almost all kinds have been the occasion of much heated comment, and the blame has been laid on every member of the shoe-producing fraternity, from the packer down to the retail dealer. The Board now divides shoes into three classes, on which prices will range from $9 to $12, from $6 to $8.50, and from $3 to $5.50 respectively; it also provides for a reduction in the number of styles from some 850 to 150. The enforcement of the new regulations is put into the hands of a committee of manufacturers and one of retailers. Mr. Baruch also announces that price-fixing and style regulation will be applied to wearing apparel—at which news tailors and modistes will shiver. As one may still pay any price he pleases for custom-made shoes, however, so will he—or she—undoubtedly be allowed to indulge in any extravagance of dress that his taste and purse will permit; only the ready-made man will be protected from the profiteer. Just how successful the regulations will actually be in keeping down the prices of ordinary shoes remains to be seen. In any case, no results are expected until the existing stocks are disposed of, some months hence; the business of controlling prices is a ticklish one at best, as experience during the war has shown very clearly. We are no friends to regimentation, and sumptuary laws are not at all to our taste, but French heels, it is certain, are not essential to human happiness.

THE Eastern States have been invaded—not by the Germans, but by a more subtle enemy, the influenza, which holds a considerable part of New England and the Middle States in its grip. The extraordinary measures taken to prevent the further spread of the epidemic indicate its seriousness, which is only too well attested by the high mortality resulting from the disease. Boston and Cambridge, which were the first important cities attacked, showed a death-rate for the week ending September 28 more than four times as high as that of the large cities in general, as shown by the Census Bureau in its weekly mortality reports—an extremely valuable service that the Bureau is performing. In the present case we have been put promptly on our guard by the health authorities, and wherever the disease has appeared, there, in accordance with the recommendation of Surgeon-General Blue, of the Public Health Service, schools, churches, places of amusement, and public halls of all kinds are being closed as a means of preventing its further ravages. In New York, in order to spread traffic more evenly and thus lessen the liability to infection in overcrowded subway and street cars, the Board of Health has put into effect a new schedule of hours for most kinds of business, and for theatres as well. The Fifth Avenue Association has, we believe, long urged such a "districting" of business hours as the only means of doing away with overcrowding on the transportation lines, and New York might well achieve a great gain if the present arrangement, or some modification of it, should be made permanent. The orders of the Board are being promptly and cheerfully obeyed by the entire community, often at cost of individual inconvenience and loss. Every one is gladly coöperating in the important enterprise of maintaining the public health—another example of ready and intelligent popular response to the appeal of public officials. We have more than once during the months just past called attention to this phenomenon, which is one of the most encouraging features of present-day American life. When Governments everywhere learn to coöperate with intelligent peoples after the fashion thus suggested, then government may cease to be the despair of the philosophical observer.

THE influenza epidemic once more calls attention sharply to our desperate need for trained nurses. It comes at a significant date in the history of the profession, for the Henry Street House in New York has this year completed a quarter-century of work in caring for the sick and safeguarding the children through the activities of the visiting nurse. As Jane Addams has given indispensable leadership in educational and civic movements in Chicago, so has Lillian D. Wald done in New York; yet the original purpose of this unique settlement has always been kept clearly in view. With nurses going abroad by the shipload, and with 50,000 still to be found for the army by next July, it is becoming well-nigh impossible to maintain an adequate service at home. At the same time, the work of the visiting nurse, especially in the schools, is becoming more important than ever. With the school so crowded that the child often has literally "standing room only," he must depend on the school nurse, not only to safeguard his health and eyesight, but to help him direct his future, to steel him against dazzling offers for child labor, and to guide him in the slower but more certain path of school training. At this critical hour New York ought to give the most generous recognition and support to the vital work done by Miss Wald and her associates in behalf of New York's future citizens, and young women throughout the country ought to recognize the opportunity offered by a profession whose needs and possibilities were never so great as now. It offers an opportunity for "social service" in the widest and truest sense of that much-abused term.

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Peace in Sight

THE latest Teutonic peace offer seems at this writing (October 8) destined to as prompt rejection as the previous one—save that we are promised a detailed and reasoned reply. On its face, it is a tremendous step towards the final settlement; beyond all doubt it proves, with the speech of Prince Maximilian, that the German deeps are breaking up. Beaten, in danger of complete military collapse, with the U-boat campaign more than ever a failure, even the German High Command has joined in recommending this peace offer to the Government. In truth, this avowal of the readiness of the Central Powers to accept the President's fourteen peace terms and his most recent utterance, that of September 27, as a basis for negotiation, appears the first glimmering of real statesmanship in Germany. What untold bloodshed and suffering, what frightful loss of life might have been prevented had similar wisdom been displayed last January! At this writing it is assumed to be the President's attitude that the acceptance of the fourteen peace terms prior to any negotiation is a prerequisite to peace.

Whether this forecast is or is not correct, it is now plain that the President can have peace the moment he wishes it. The only question remaining, therefore, is: What additional terms or conditions are there with which Germany must comply before she can have the peace she plainly desires? To us it seems as if the hour had come for the United States and the Allies to lay down the precise conditions, lest the Entente be placed in a false position and the cause of democracy within Germany—a cause which has taken an amazing step forward in a week—be hindered and not aided. Less than three weeks ago General Smuts, who has so frequently been the accepted spokesman of the British Government, declared to a cheering audience at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne that he would say to Germany: "Accept those terms [President Wilson's of January 5, 1917] *as a basis;* then a conference can be called. That is the way to get peace and *there is no other way.* Accept these terms and a reasonable peace need not be far off. [Cheers.]" General Smuts is not Lloyd George nor Woodrow Wilson; but we submit that if it seems wise now to reject the German offer to accept the Wilson terms as a basis for conference, as General Smuts urged, the reasons therefor and the additional requirements ought to be so stated that every citizen of Germany may understand just what must be done to end the war.

We are the more convinced of this because, immediately after the rejection of the Austrian peace note, some of the liberal British newspapers, like the *Chronicle,* frankly stated that, while Mr. Wilson was within his rights in the curtness of his reply, the Allies owed it to themselves to state their terms with complete frankness. This they have not done; this they should now do, unless the President does it for them, in which case they should officially declare the President's words to be theirs. To suffering and martyred France alone is due an exact statement of what Germany must still yield—among other things we trust the immediate cessation of wanton destruction. We are not dealing merely with an army as was Grant at Appomattox; there must be discussion before the final terms are written. Why not prepare for it now by stating the prerequisites and making it impossible for the Central Powers to assert that the moral responsibility for continuing the bloodshed rests upon the United States and the Entente? Do we insist upon the Kaiser's abdication? Then let the whole world know it. Are France, Servia, and Belgium, and Russia, too, to be evacuated at once by the Germans? Then let us hear it by all means.

There is still another vital reason for definiteness. On September 27 Mr. Wilson said of the present German leaders: "They observe no covenants, accept no principle but force and their own interests. We cannot 'come to terms' with them." This is in line with earlier utterances, but out of line with earlier assurances that we do not wish to interfere in the domestic concerns of the Central Powers. If our Government is determined not to treat with the Kaiser, it would be the more timely to say so because, even since the President made his latest speech, an amazing revolution has happened in the government of Germany. The longest steps ever taken towards a responsible German Ministry are accomplished facts. Let us enumerate them:

1. The appointment to the Chancellorship of Prince Max of Baden, known for his moderate views and the distrust of him by all Imperialists and Pan-Germans, and his acceptance upon a platform of responsible ministerial government.
2. The selection of Dr. Solf as Foreign Secretary; Mr. Gerard declares that Prince Max and Dr. Solf were bound to lead whenever the Germans sincerely desired peace.
3. The admission to the Ministry of Matthias Erzberger, the Clerical peace worker, and three Socialists headed by Philipp Scheidemann—the latter an amazing surrender by the Government already denounced by the Pan-Germans as the "ending of Kaiserism." To obtain Socialist coöperation the Government acceded to seven radical demands, most of them enumerated in the following paragraphs.
4. The acceptance by the Chancellor of the Reichstag peace resolution of July 19, 1917, as a fundamental platform.
5. His promise of the immediate alteration of the German Constitution to permit members of the Cabinet to retain their seats in the Reichstag on the English plan.
6. The Chancellor's promise that the abominable Russian treaties shall "not be a hindrance to the conclusion of a general peace"; that Germany will consent to a league of nations, and that as much autonomy as inures to any German state shall hereafter belong to Alsace-Lorraine.
7. His pledge that Belgium shall be completely rehabilitated and freed and that an indemnity will be discussed—the first time the principle of a German indemnity in Belgium has been officially admitted.
8. His promise of immediate civilian rule in the Baltic provinces, Lithuania and Poland, "without external interference."
9. The immediate placing of civilian authority in Germany above military authority in all non-military matters, "especially as to censorship and right of assemblage."
10. The acceptance by the Prussian Landtag, with one reservation, of the reform of the Prussian suffrage.

Truly, if these things are sincerely meant, Prince Max is correct in saying that "with September 30 began a new epoch in Germany's internal history." Can we trust him? If not, what guarantees shall we still ask? That is the question we look to the President to answer. It is unthinkable to us that, with an honorable, just, and wise peace so clearly at hand, the noble cause of the Allies should be allowed to degenerate into a war merely of revenge; or that civilized Americans should go on fighting merely for the satisfaction of taking the war to German soil. In another speech on September 12 General Smuts said: "You see many signs of quaking in Germany and weakening in all directions. The nation is undermined in its own soul, because it feels it is in the wrong." Truly spoken. But let us Americans be sure, by our handling of the peace terms, so to act as to continue to make Germany feel its wrongfulness and its misconduct to the depths of its being.

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The Autobiography of a "Failure"

IT was Lord Rosebery who once wrote that in his Utopia he would like to have a board of censors appointed to divide the world "into those people whose biographies were to be written and those whose biographies were not to be written." Were there such a board, it would, we are sure, include autobiography within its domain, and then acclaim "The Education of Henry Adams," just issued for the public (by the Houghton Mifflin Co.), as one of the very great autobiographies of our literature—the rare kind to be fostered. Originally privately printed in an edition of one hundred copies for friends, when the rumor spread that Mr. Adams had decided to destroy it, conspiracies were quickly hatched to "lose" safely at least one copy. Had Lord Rosebery's board existed, it must have been called upon to decree that the author should lay no violent hands upon this child of his brain. Fortunately, Mr. Adams came to the proper decision and, after the editorship of Henry Cabot Lodge, the book appears under the ægis of the Massachusetts Historical Society to delight this and future generations.

It would be an exaggeration, perhaps, to say that one must know the story of the Adams family in order to know American history; none the less it is true that until one studies the records of four generations of that remarkable New England—clan, we had almost said, one cannot take full measure of the significance and romance of our political development. From John Adams to John Quincy Adams, Charles Frances Adams, Charles F. Adams, and Henry Adams runs a strain of virile patriotism, statesmanship, and intellectual power all too rare and rapidly growing rarer. There is no other American family, not even the Lees of Virginia, to compare with them. In their own personalities they remarkably illustrated American intellectual development; as John Adams reflected the Puritan simplicity, the forthright honesty, and anti-British patriotism of his day, so did the brothers, Charles F. Adams and Henry Adams, in their less conspicuous spheres reflect the highest type of our cultured American citizenship. Original to a degree in some cases bordering on eccentricity, these powerful personalities handed down from generation to generation a tradition of public service to be matched, if at all, only in the annals of the House of Commons. They were aristocrats in a democracy, yet democrats withal. The fourth generation found its mental powers sharpened, its wits adjusted to changed times and conditions. If the brothers did not hold high elective or appointive office, it was surely of their own choice, for the mental equipment was there.

This no one can doubt who reads "The Education of Henry Adams," not the least of the family's contributions to their country if it is, perhaps, the last. For here is the record of a man who as a child had "the eighteenth century as an actual and living companion" in the person of the second ancestral President, John Quincy Adams; who as a youth fresh from college accompanied his father to the Court of St. James's on the most important diplomatic mission ever undertaken by an American. Any life four years of which were passed in London behind the political arras during 1861-65 might be said to have been full and well rounded enough had it ended there. With this belief Mr. Adams himself disagreed. Writing throughout of himself in the third person, he declares, "Adams met in England a thousand people great and small; jostled against every one, from royal prince to gin-shop loafers; attended endless official functions and private parties; visited every part of the United Kingdom and was not quite a stranger at the legations in Paris and Rome; he knew the societies of certain country houses, and acquired habits of Sunday afternoon calls; but all this gave him nothing to do, and was life wasted."

From the above it would appear that this part of the education of Henry Adams was thrown away. As he stands off and looks back upon himself with that extraordinary detachment which is so striking a feature of this work, he feels in the same way that all his education was wasted; it is "a melancholy tale of me" he would have his readers accept—and not one of them will do it. There is a passage in the chapter entitled "Failure" in which he comments thus upon the offer of the professorship of mediæval history which he subsequently held at Harvard: "Yet nothing in the vanity of life struck him as more humiliating than that Harvard College, which he had persistently criticised, abused, abandoned, and neglected, should alone have offered him a dollar, an office, an encouragement, or a kindness. Harvard College might have its faults, but at least it redeemed America, since it was true to its own." There is of course much in the book that will offend the "100 per cent. American" who does not believe in self-criticism or self-examination by his countrymen. It is an unusual ego that we are dealing with, extraordinarily self-analytical, probably unduly introspective. But the very extent of Adams's criticism of times, customs, and men is of special value in this hour, when as never before we need to reexamine the past, our faults and our weaknesses as well as our strong points, in the light of the new day that is to break.

A failure in a sense Mr. Adams was; for one cannot lay down this volume without a poignant regret that with him the family tradition of public service extended no further than it did. That one who saw through shams so readily; who knew his world and the people in it so thoroughly; whose house in Washington was the resort for intellectual stimulus, information, and guidance of many men of varied types and profound influence, should not himself have had at least a hand upon the tiller ropes of the ship of state, must ever be a source of regret. Here was a man whom nature intended to be a great diplomat, yet such he never became. False pride, false modesty, self-depreciation, call it what you will, is responsible; and the list of his books is all too small a grist to come from the mill of education which he describes. For this, perhaps, his plentiful means were responsible; it is a curious paradox that the wherewithal to an education ending only with life itself is frequently a poison to the creative faculty which never-ending education should foster and stimulate. But here in this revelation of Henry Adams we have impressions and records which no historian of the years 1858 to 1914 can afford to overlook—impressions which will seem more and more Thackerayan in their touch as the years pass.

Mr. Adams's frank espousal of the cause of free silver in 1896, his readiness to swim against the stream on numerous other occasions, his characterization of public men and of our *literati*, his devotion to his rather small circle of intimate friends—all are set forth in his rare style, making this book a landmark, indeed. Apart as Henry Adams lived, he was none the less distinctly a part of our national life.

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A Renaissance in the Eighties

THE *New Republic* lately pointed out that our young radicals seem to have read no American books older than Henry James. Perhaps some one should tell them that we need to look but little beyond 1890 to find a pleasant era of good workmanship, when not only valuable winds stirred the stodgy political atmosphere, and light and direction came in painting from Whistler and Vedder and La Farge, but prose fiction achieved more masterpieces than in any other single decade in our literary annals. To the eighties belong such diverse performances as "Looking Backward," first and chief of its Utopian kind in America; "Ben-Hur," which, eminent among Biblical romances, has recently appeared in an edition of a million copies; dainty exotics like Blanche Willis Howard's "Guenn" and A. S. Hardy's "But Yet a Woman," "The Wind of Destiny," and "Passe Rose"; that most austere of all American novels, E. W. Howe's "The Story of a Country Town," stern and grim as a saga, which, with Melville's "Moby Dick," inhabits the honorable limbo wherein, to our dishonor, we contrive to leave them; nearly half the brilliant improvisations of F. Marion Crawford, who thought dialect as bad as puns and problems futile, preferring the beaten track of story-telling; and the joyous extravaganzas of Frank R. Stockton.

The eighties, indeed, were such a decade that Mark Twain, bursting into it with only the beginnings made of his higher accomplishment—he had written "Tom Sawyer"—could outdo himself as humorous autobiographer and traveller in "Life on the Mississippi," as satirist in "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," and as novelist in "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," the strength and lightness and variety and subtle craft of which grow only more amazing as time clears it from its times and sets it up with its peers by Cervantes and Le Sage. But Mark Twain was only one of the three major novelists who filled the eighties. Henry James, his younger hand already tried in the international situation, began the decade with "Washington Square," followed that promptly with "The Portrait of a Lady," and before 1890 had produced (among many others) "The Bostonians," "The Princess Casamassima," "The Author of Beltraffio," "The Aspern Papers," and "The Tragic Muse," novels and tales revealing him in his full maturity and yet still at his most tangible, at his most concrete. In the same years William Dean Howells, whose influence led native fiction into new paths of art, wrote his own amplest books, "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and, only a little below them, "The Minister's Charge," and the flawless comedy "Indian Summer." While James, nothing but an artist, went steadily forward in his trade, Howells reached his climax about his fiftieth year, about 1886 or 1887, when he first read Tolstoy and was thereby helped to the conclusion, already growing up within him, that art after all is little but artifice and must be "set . . . forever below humanity." He was moving with the tide. The eighties had nearly ceased to be didactic in the old way of the seventies and had not yet attained the new way of didacticism which came in with the more censorious nineties. But since "A Hazard of New Fortunes," our realists have steadily increased their asperities and our romancers have multiplied their protests against the unjust world.

Between 1880 and 1890, too, the American short story reached a height beyond which it has never gone. Bret Harte, it is true, had already found his right note and pitch, and that Gallic pair Aldrich of Boston and Cable of New Orleans had brought to the form their special offering of lightness and amiable fantasy. But in the eighties H. C. Bunner, novelist also, wrote—though he did not publish—his delicious fooleries "Short Sixes," and Stockton made whimsicality almost a new dimension of narrative in "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," not to speak of the farther-famed "The Lady or the Tiger?" Meanwhile Henry James was breaking down the chief traditional distinction between novels and short stories by writing pieces nearly as long as novels but intensely compact and unified. Local color won large victories in New England, where Rose Terry Cooke, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mary E. Wilkins reached their full stature and did, on the whole, their most characteristic work; and in the South, where Cable for Louisiana, Charles Egbert Craddock for Tennessee, and Thomas Nelson Page for Virginia interpreted a new world. A more lasting glory than any of theirs, perhaps, will cling to Joel Chandler Harris, whose Uncle Remus tales have the direct, primitive freshness which the change of literary fashions never can touch. The nineties too were rich in short stories, but they followed a pace already set and never really exceeded it.

No longer particularly Puritan and decidedly not yet *fin de siècle*—it was a propitious moment, and almost without knowing what it was about, the movement turned into a genuine little renaissance. To study it is to be better fitted to judge the strange new growths of the twentieth century.

Congress and Reconstruction

TWO measures having to do with the treatment of social and economic reconstruction after the war have lately been submitted to Congress. The first, a concurrent resolution offered in the Senate by Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, and in the House by Representative Madden, of Illinois, both Republicans, provides for the creation of a joint Congressional Committee on Reconstruction, to be composed of six Senators and six Representatives, Republicans and Democrats in each house being represented equally. The second, introduced by Senator Overman, of North Carolina, creates a Federal Commission on Reconstruction of five members, to be appointed by the President, not more than three of the members to be of the same political party. The general purpose of the two measures is the same, namely, the consideration of problems and conditions arising out of the war and of such as may be involved in the transition from war to peace; together with the recommendation to Congress of such legislation as may be deemed necessary or desirable.

The fact that the Weeks resolution has been championed by the Republicans, while the Overman bill is said to have the approval of President Wilson, very possibly foreshadows a partisan struggle over a measure which, from whatever point of view it is considered, ought certainly to be treated as a national rather than a party question. What is more, partisan controversy is likely to obscure the fundamental principle involved. Which department of the Government, the legislature or the executive, is to control the

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process of reconstruction? The fact that each of the measures referred to provides for a body which shall report its findings and recommendations to Congress, and that Congress must legislate before desired changes can be effected, does not make the two proposals essentially similar. As a matter of fact, they are fundamentally unlike, and the nature of the difference between them ought to be carefully considered.

The Weeks resolution professes to entrust the investigation of reconstruction problems to a Congressional committee. There are two serious objections to such a plan. The first is that a committee consisting solely of members of Congress is not and cannot be the best body to deal with the subject. No Congressional committee can have either the qualifications or the time which the complicated task of framing a reconstruction programme demands; its membership will not embrace the wide range of expert talent which the undertaking requires and the benefit of which the country is entitled to receive; and it cannot avoid partisan bias. Moreover, the Weeks plan ignores the President altogether until such time as the various parts of a scheme of reconstruction are submitted to him in the form of bills. The Overman bill, on the other hand, while providing for the appointment of a commission by the President, expressly requires the commission to report its recommendations to Congress, and contains no provision under which the proposals of the commission can actually be put into operation until Congress has approved them.

There can be no question, we think, that the Overman bill embodies the procedure which should be followed. The appointment of a reconstruction commission, together with the general supervision of its activities, is clearly an executive function. The determination of the form which reconstruction shall take, on the other hand, is quite as clearly a Congressional function. Why, then, the Republican support of a proposal which pushes Congress to the fore, and gives the President no voice in reconstruction until the various items of the programme have received the approval of both houses?

Mere partisan considerations aside, the opposition to the Overman bill appears to rest upon the belief that the President, if the appointment of the commission is vested in him, will dominate not only the commission but Congress itself. The war has witnessed an enormous enlargement of Executive influence. Congress, by its weak yielding to the President even in highly controversial matters, has become little more than a registering machine. The constitutional line separating executive and legislative functions has all but disappeared, and the President has become the commanding figure. Senator Overman himself is reported to have said that he looked upon reconstruction as an executive affair; if this is so, then his bill, whatever its reservation of power to Congress, is open to the charge of saying one thing and meaning another. The business of Congress is to legislate. It is not the business of Congress to administer or direct; that duty devolves upon the President. If the Overman bill or some similar measure becomes a law, it will be for Congress, no matter what Senator Overman may think, to insist upon saying what shall be done with the commission's recommendations; in other words, to insist upon recovering the constitutional right which it has largely renounced. It will be equally the duty of the President, whether Mr. Wilson or his successor, to refrain from infringing upon the sphere of Congress.

Every Man His Own Statue

PEEKSKILL, Sept. 24.—Ex-Senator Chauncey M. Depew today unveiled an heroic bronze statue of himself and delivered the unveiling oration to a large gathering of friends and neighbors. The statue was presented to the town by Mr. Depew himself.—Press dispatch.

THUS has Mr. Depew rendered another conspicuous service, not only to the town of his nativity, but to his State and to the Union. Never before, we affirm, has a great reform been as unexpectedly and as quietly ushered in. For war-time efficiency, as well as for delicate anticipation of a future need, commend us to this procedure. Personally, we do not believe that one who has so obviously quaffed of the fountain of youth will ever die. But if Mr. Depew should happen to perish, think how he has saved his townspeople labor and money. It will not be necessary to form a Chauncey M. Depew Memorial Committee with chairman, honorary chairman, vice-chairmen (12), secretary, paid assistant secretary, treasurer-general, and treasurer. No one will be put to the cruel test of measuring his affection and reverence for Mr. Depew in cold cash and thereby comparing the popularity of this golden-throated orator with that of a Liberty Loan. There will be no wrangling over who shall carve the monument, or whether it shall be of stone, steel, or bronze, or just how much it will cost, or how much of the fund must be set aside for the carriages, flowers, and chief mourners. Best of all, since Mr. Depew pronounced the eulogy himself, no orator can be guilty, as unveiling orators frequently are, of a lack of appreciation of the subject of the post-mortem.

So advisable from every point of view do we find this practice that we trust that statesmen, whether ex- or otherwise, will be encouraged to follow this distinguished example. We look, indeed, in time, for dispatches like these:

LINCOLN, Neb., May 16, 1920.—William J. Bryan, who mysteriously disappeared on or about August 1, 1915, and for whose where bouts and opinions rewards were offered without success during the years 1916, 1917, and 1918, yesterday unveiled a monument of himself which is his gift to Lincoln. His oration eulogizing the original subject of the monument lasted 2 hours and 55 minutes. The monument, which is life-size, is of brass.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., July 4, 1921.—Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt to-day dedicated an heroic monument of himself as a Rough Rider, which is his final gift to his town. The pedestal is conspicuous because of a lion couchant and a wild hyena rampant, in memory of his African explorations. His four-hour oration was a well-emphasized and earnestly-gesticulated review of his career in the light of history. Any historian who might differ from him he consigned in advance to the Ananias Club. The oration will be published (at Mr. Roosevelt's usual rates) in six numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13, 1921.—William H. Taft to-day unveiled the double life-size statue of himself which his brother, Charles, has donated to the city, in order that T. R. "should have nothing on him," as the ex-President genially remarked, and so that no such controversy as has raged over Bernard's Lincoln should vex the city of his affections. The statue weighs four tons; it is of Indiana lime-stone. His oration was chiefly a defence of Ballinger, the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and of his 1918 demand for a victorious march to Berlin.

ST. HELENA (by wireless), Jan. 1, 1926.—Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm Hohenzollern to-day dedicated a monument of himself, made out of shells and coral by the court sculptor. His eulogy dealt largely with a cert in nation that failed to be hard to the last drop of blood, with special reference to Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Talaat of Turkey.

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Chekhov*

By G. R. NOYES

ALL the great realists, various in their work as Miss Austen and Tolstoy, have at least this much in common, that they give a reasonably fair presentation of one particular section of life, showing the noble chivalry of human nature, even if it may be displayed in small ways, along with its petty meanness. There remain a few writers who seem deliberately to use their literary gifts, sometimes of a high order, to invest with interest only the baffling, disheartening daily happenings that in our more discouraged moments seem the whole of existence. Such a writer is preëminently Anton Chekhov, the greatest Russian writer of short stories and the man who has described Russian futility with more unsparing skill than any other man of letters. One theme runs through all his work, that of the impotence, the powerlessness of human nature.

Russian critics explain that Chekhov portrays a certain stage in the development of Russian society. He was born in 1860 and died in 1904. His work thus falls in the reign of Alexander III (1881-94) and in the early years of that of Nicholas II, a period of general stagnation in Russian political thought and discussion, during which there was silently developing in the country the industrial movement that made possible the overthrow of the old régime in 1917. Of these nascent factors in Russian life Chekhov had no perception; he dealt with the decay of the old society, showing men and women occupied with purely personal interests—and those of the pettiest sort. His men of intellect have really no higher type of character than his idle sybarites; his reformers are of no more account than his corrupt officials; his women are guided by no finer impulses than his men. In "The Cherry Orchard" a superannuated student, himself an idle babbler, speaks thus of the Russian educated classes:

> They call themselves cultivated, . . . but they treat the peasants like animals; they are stupid in school, they read nothing seriously, they do absolutely nothing; of science they only talk, of art they have little comprehension. All are serious, all have grave faces, all talk only of important things, philosophize; and meanwhile the immense majority of them, ninety-nine out of a hundred, live like savages; on the least pretext they fight and curse; they eat disgustingly, they sleep in dirt and in a stifling atmosphere; everywhere are bedbugs, filth, dampness, moral uncleanness. And evidently all our fine talk is only to divert our own attention and that of others.

Turgenev and Dostoyevsky had shown the crushing of fine natures through the cruel circumstances of outward life; in Chekhov men and women are crushed because they themselves have no force or fineness of character, though, like the prater who has just been quoted, they may fancy themselves possessed of it. Nor can Chekhov admire the peasants from whom Tolstoy drew his religious inspiration; in his works the peasants are dirty brutes, either stupid or cruel; at their best they are kindly in a thoughtless fashion.

Chekhov first became noted as a writer of brief humorous sketches, often not more than two thousand words in length; from these he passed to short stories, on which his fame is primarily based, and to a few longer narratives, of which the most ambitious does not reach two hundred pages. He also wrote, besides a few farces, five four-act dramas, which gained him general recognition as the leading Russian dramatist of his generation. Nearly all his writings are now accessible in English. Mrs. Garnett's version of "The Tales of Chekhov" may be heartily commended, though the style is not invariably in the translator's best vein. It as yet contains few of the short sketches, many of which may be found in the two volumes translated (not so accurately) by Miss Fell. The two volumes translated by Miss Fell and Mr. West contain all his dramatic works.

Ironic humor mingled with cynicism characterizes Chekhov's sketches. In "The Malefactor" a little peasant who has been caught on the railroad unscrewing one of the nuts that fasten the rails to the ties, stands before the examining magistrate. His defence is that of a bribed politician: he *needed* the nut for a sinker on his fishline.

> You can't pick up lead on the road but have to buy it; a nail won't do. A nut makes the best sinker; it's heavy and has a hole in it.
>
> What a fool you're pretending to be! . . . Don't you understand, stupid, what that unscrewing may lead to? If the watchman hadn't spotted you the train might have gone off the rails and killed people! You would have killed them.
>
> God forbid, your Honor! Why kill anybody? Am I a heathen villain? Thank the Lord, my dear sir, I have lived a long time and have not even thought of killing anybody. Holy Virgin save and preserve me! What do you mean? . . .
>
> But you see the nuts fasten the rail to the ties.
>
> We peasants understand that. We never unscrew 'em all; we leave some. We do it intelligently; we understand.

The malefactor, whose delightfully characteristic prattle loses much in translation, is haled away to prison absolutely unconscious of any wrongdoing. His prosecutor has been as much amused as exasperated by his density.

In the stories this perception of human stupidity or weakness often passes into tragedy. In "Enemies" a hard-working doctor, Kirilov, is prostrated by grief at the loss of his only son, a six-year-old boy, who has just died of diphtheria. Suddenly he receives a call from a land-owner, Abogin, who has driven nine miles in the dark in order to secure his aid for his wife. After long resistance the doctor yields to the summons. When the two men arrive at the manor they find that Abogin's wife has merely feigned illness in order to flee with her lover, Papchinsky. Sick at heart, Kirilov and Abogin hurl taunts at each other:

> All the way home the doctor thought, not about his wife or his son Andrey, but about Abogin and the people who lived in the house that he had just left. His thoughts were unjust and inhumanly cruel. He condemned both Abogin and Abogin's wife, and Papchinsky, and all persons who live in a pink twilight and smell of perfumes; and all the way he hated and despised them

**The Tales of Chekhov.* From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net a volume. [Six volumes have so far been published; sold separately.]

The House with the Mezzanine and Other Stories. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated by S. S. Kotellansky and Gilbert Cannan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

Stories of Russian Life. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell. Scribners. $1.35 net.

Russian Silhouettes: More Stories of Russian Life. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell. Scribners. $1.35 net.

Plays by Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell. Scribners. $1.50 net.

Plays by Anton Tchekoff: Second Series. Translated by Julius West. Scribners. $1.50 net.

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until his heart ached. And in his mind there took shape a firm conviction about such people.

Time will pass, Kirilov's grief will pass away also, but that conviction, unjust, unworthy of a human heart, will not pass away, but will remain in the doctor's mind until he lies in his grave.

Chekhov's longer tales are inferior to his short stories; they are deficient in plot, being often a mere succession of futile incidents. In "My Life" a famous professor of anatomy describes the joyless routine of his later days. One wonders what qualities of mind or spirit can ever have brought him fame, for in the tale he has become a feeble, undignified old dotard. One hundred and fifty pages of skilful literary futility do not produce as strong an effect as fifteen.

In his panorama of Russian life, Chekhov devotes most attention to the educated classes: doctors, lawyers, teachers, officers, civil servants. Among all his characters I can find no woman who is a "positive type," and only two or three men. The best of these occurs only in the background of a tale. In "The Grasshopper" a young woman of dilettantish artistic gifts marries a doctor, older than herself, whose force of character has momentarily attracted her. She speedily becomes bored by her husband, and finds her affinity in a man of her own shallow artistic sort, who as speedily tires of her. Characteristically enough, Chekhov spends his time in drawing the shallow woman, and lets us catch mere glimpses of her admirable husband.

Nor are Chekhov's men and women even interesting in their abnormality. He has no figures like Turgenev's Rudin and Lavretsky, Dostoyevsky's Raskolnikov and Dmitry Karamazov, our affection for whom, despite their weakness or sinfulness, outlasts our memory of what happened to them. Chekhov's power is in the presentation of a ludicrous situation, whether comic or tragic, not in the individuality of the people involved in it. Hence the lack of abiding interest in his longer tales.

Chekhov is not exclusively a realist. Living at the time he did, he could not but be affected by the symbolist movement. Of his stories some few, such as "The Bet," are distinctly symbolistic. But this element is far more prominent in his dramas, which show clear traces of the influence of Ibsen, and perhaps also of that of Maeterlinck. Thus "The Sea-Gull," by its title and symbolism, obviously suggests "The Wild Duck." In his five long dramas he develops his unvarying theme, the impotence of life, with fewer comic touches than in his stories. The author's problem is to present inaction on the stage, to show the futile attempts of his characters to escape from the tedium of existence. Dramas of this type have won success on the stage in Russia; before an Anglo-Saxon audience, unfamiliar with the types portrayed, and by temperament impatient even of the close-knit tragedy of Ibsen, they must inevitably fail. Inane submission to imaginary obstacles is not congenial to our taste.

By a happy inspiration Mrs. Garnett has printed after her translation of "The Darling" Tolstoy's criticism of the tale. Olenka, the "Darling," whose life from girlhood to later middle age Chekhov dispatches in twenty short pages, is a woman totally without force of character. She marries a theatrical manager named Kukin and prattles of the drama; after his death she marries a timber merchant and prattles of lumber; after the merchant's death she becomes the mistress of a veterinary surgeon and prattles of the foot-and-mouth disease. "But no one could think ill of Olenka; everything she did was so natural." Then the "vet" is reconciled to his wife, and after a lapse of many years the pair settle in Olenka's lodgings, while she removes to the lodge. Now the Darling showers her long-silent affection on the boy Sasha, son of her former lover.

He would go down the street to school, a little figure, wearing a big cap and carrying a satchel on his shoulder. Olenka would follow him noiselessly.

"Sashenka!" she would call after him, and she would pop into his hand a date or a caramel. When he reached the street where the school was, he would feel ashamed of being followed by a tall, stout woman; he would turn round and say:

"You'd better go home, auntie. I can go the rest of the way alone."

She would stand still and look after him fixedly till he had disappeared at the school-gate.

Ah, how she loved him! Of her former attachments not one had been so deep; never had her soul surrendered to any feeling so spontaneously, so disinterestedly, and so joyously as now that her maternal instincts were aroused. For this little boy with the dimple in his cheek and the big school cap, she would have given her whole life, she would have given it with joy and tears of tenderness. Why? Who can tell why?

The obvious intent of the tale is humorous, to draw the portrait of a silly, affectionate woman, so brainless that she cannot even be sentimental. But old Tolstoy knew better. Chekhov, he tells us, is like Balaam; he intended to curse, and he blessed.

The author makes Olenka love the absurd Kukin, the insignificant timber merchant, and the unpleasant veterinary surgeon, but love is no less sacred whether its object is a Kukin or a Spinoza, a Pascal or a Schiller, and whether the objects of it change as rapidly as with the darling, or whether the object of it remains the same throughout the whole life. . . Chekhov unconsciously clothed this sweet creature in such an exquisite radiance that she will always remain a type of what a woman can be in order to be happy herself, and to make the happiness of those with whom destiny throws her.

Tolstoy, the great artist, interpreted character in its essentials; Chekhov saw the outer manifestations of human life in their humorous or pathetic impotency. The greater man could find meaning beneath Chekhov's humor; could show that the primary human emotions remain worthy even in the most grotesque setting. And his insight was true; Chekhov is mocking, but not fundamentally malicious. A note of aspiration is hidden beneath his ironic perception of human weakness; he was a man, one feels after reading all his work, who loved humanity, even if he drew only the less admirable sides of it.

Of this the best proof is Chekhov's book on the island of Sakhalin, the Russian penal settlement east of Siberia, of which he made a detailed study during a residence there of some months in 1890. The volume is dry, matter of fact, full of statistics, a piece of careful sociological investigation. Through the whole runs a vein of warm human sympathy, coupled with common-sense; Chekhov shows the criminals and their keepers as human beings worthy of a better fate, yet he does not sentimentalize over them. Circumstances of life at Sakhalin make normal existence impossible; they could be improved by simple changes in administration. Here, in studying perhaps the most degraded corner of the Russian Empire, Chekhov is not a pessimist, but a meliorist. So he is a meliorist, or at all events not entirely a pessimist, in his artistic work. He makes us revolt at pettiness, not accept it as a matter of course. Lacking in the poetry of

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Turgenev and Gorky, he has more than a touch of their human sympathy.

And yet what varied futility he has portrayed! Reading him, one feels that Russia is without will or energy; that its peasants are crude, brutal, dirty; its officials lazy, untrained, dishonest; its intellectual leaders men of words, incoherent at that, not of deeds. He shows a decaying society and points out no sources of regeneration, though he may long for such. His picture helps us to understand the collapse of Russia at the present time, and offers no hope of a speedy recovery. His rival, Gorky, has described the birth of new conditions, the rise of an industrial system that, before it had itself become firm and healthy, dealt a mortal blow to the old society. Chekhov, with his eyes to the past, could see no prospect for the future except through the growth of individual patience and kindliness.

Yiddish Books and Their Readers

By A. A. ROBACK

UNTIL recently the literary achievements of the Jewish people were the productions of their geniuses. The activity of the masses, or rather their appreciation and interest, were unconsidered. With the development of a Yiddish literature came the education of the lower classes; and it is their reaction to literature with which we are at present concerned. The genius of a nation manifests itself in the works actually produced by that nation; its taste, however, is discernible in the translations from foreign authors. There are comparatively few translations in Yiddish, and as late as 1890 Jules Verne was the only foreign author whose stories were given a Yiddish version, in the form of abridged adaptations. At one time, the Yiddish book market was flooded with such books of adventure. Zola and Tolstoy also enjoyed great popularity among the Jewish working classes, but the translations that were turned out could scarcely be regarded as anything more than abstracts. Even now only three or four of the latter's novels have appeared unabridged in Yiddish, while Zola has not fared so well. Stories like his were those that all shopgirls and workingmen with any sort of intellectual pretensions were expected to read; and in order to give them their fill of realism a portion of Boccaccio's Decameron was Yiddished by the same "translator" and published by the same firm, whose main business consists in providing the older Jews with prayer books and other religious supplies.

It is characteristic of an abnormal literature like Yiddish that the great masters of all times have been totally neglected. Cervantes's great work constitutes the sole exception. It is only within the last three years that small fragments of Homer have been translated—to appear only in the scarcely read anthologies of the "young" group of Yidlish poets. The literature of the ancient Greeks and Romans is an unknown quantity to the Yiddish-speaking public. A translation of Molière's "Précieuses Ridicules" printed privately in England is all that the classical French period has contributed to modern Jewish literature.

The Golden Age of German literature is not much better off in the ghetto. It required the strenuous efforts of a typesetter not only to set but to translate and publish at his own risk "Werther's Leiden." When this book ran into the second edition, he was encouraged to translate Lessing's "Emilia Galotti," but this venture did not turn out successfully. The four volumes of Goethe that were published afterwards by the concern above referred to contain nothing but adaptations. The view of this publishing house seems to be that it is in many ways more economical for the Jewish reader to get the substance of a great book out of an abridgment or abstract.

Schiller, not to mention the lesser poets of his day, had until lately been ignored by Yiddish literature as if he had never existed. Recently, however, "Die Räuber" has been translated into Yiddish prose. Heine has been saved from total oblivion in the ghetto because of his Jewish racial affiliations and the scintillating brilliancy that runs throughout his works, both poetry and prose. Yet even Heine has received little recognition from his ghetto brethren.

Many, no doubt, will be astonished to learn that, apart from a volume of abstracts, Shakespeare has been represented in Yiddish by a single work—an admirable translation of "The Merchant of Venice" by the young anarchist poet Bovshover, who died about three years ago in a hospital for the insane. Into Hebrew several of Shakespeare's plays had been translated by a Jewish convert to Christianity whose initials appear on the title page of the books. The same author has also to his credit a Hebrew rendering of Milton's "Paradise Lost." In Yiddish only the first few stanzas of this work are to be found in an old periodical.

It is most important to note that the Hebrew reader and the Yiddish reader represent two totally different strata of Jewish society. One may safely venture to say that the "Vicar of Wakefield" will never be translated into Yiddish unless through some very peculiar circumstance; yet Hebrew literature had a version of this quaint novel over twenty years ago. Of the other British authors, Defoe, Swift, with "Gulliver's Travels," George Eliot, with "Daniel Deronda," Dickens, with "David Copperfield," Scott, with "Ivanhoe," and Kipling, with the "Jungle Book," are the fortunate ones to be introduced to Yiddish readers. With the exception of the adaptations from Swift, these translations have been published in Russia, where a greater idealism is manifested in literary circles than is the case in this country. If we add to the previous list a sprinkling of Byron, scattered here and there throughout defunct periodicals, one of Conan Doyle's detective stories, Olive Schreiner's "Dreams," and Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" and "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," the list of British authors patronized by the Yiddish reader, or, perhaps better, by the translator, is exhausted.

It is the modernistic trend that seems to have impressed the Yiddish-speaking *intelligentsia*—not the dreamy, highly symbolistic modernism of Hofmannsthal and Bahr, or even of Verlaine and Baudelaire, if the period of the latter is not too remote to be considered modernistic. Social problems of a psychological nature are what the Jewish *intellectuel* is seeking, and generally these problems nowadays are bound up with an erotic element. The intelligent ghetto Jew will not appreciate the fiction that commonly appears in our American magazines. His æsthetic sense differs widely from that of the average American reader, who is interested in thrilling plot, snappy dialogue, and cleverly turned

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phrases, rather than in clear-cut pictures of the various characters, their psychology, and also the problems thrown into relief by the story. The more or less intelligent Jewish workingman will sacrifice the elaborateness of the plot for the psychological situation, and will, on the whole, react more critically to the details that go to establish its *vraisemblance*. That is why Russian realism makes such a strong appeal to the Jew. There are other reasons for the close affinity between the two literatures. The sojourn of six million Jews in Russia is no slight factor in the result, but this circumstance by no means tells the whole story. It does not explain, for instance, why Pushkin, Lermontov, Lomonossov, Gogol, and other first-rate Russian writers of the old school do not exist for the Yiddish-speaking reader, while Artzibashev's "Sanyin" appears in two different Yiddish translations and is followed by a series of like "gems" by the same author. It may be said that Russian literature has exercised a tremendous influence upon the Jewish mind by dint of its realism. Most of the modern Russian writers are represented in Yiddish literature. Here we find Tolstoy, Turgenev, Chekhov, Dostoyevsky, Tchernishevsky, Yushkevitz, Korolenko, Andreyev, Tchirikov, Gorky, Kuprin, Veressayev, and Artzibashev.

Linked with these is the Pole Przybyszewsky, four of whose works have been published in Yiddish, including an unexpurgated edition of his "Homo Sapiens." Of the whole modernistic group of Slavic writers, Przybyszewsky is probably the most uncanny and the greatest sex-monger. Przybyszewsky's plays are frequently staged by Jewish amateurs. Of the other Polish writers, Sienkiewicz and Elize Orzeszkowa have received some attention in Jewish literary circles, the latter because of her philosemitic sentiments.

Ibsen's hold on the ghetto *élite* is to be accounted for only by the social problems in which the Jew is so engrossed. Most of Ibsen's problems fit in with the various "isms" rampant in the ghetto. Strindberg's name, though not so widely known as that of Ibsen, is likely to become even more popular among the Jewish working people. Björnson, though universally more famous, is much less of a favorite than Strindberg, and is known to the Jewish reader only through two or three plays. Of contemporary Teutonic authors, Hauptmann, Sudermann, and Schnitzler appeal very much to the ghetto taste; but it must be emphasized that only certain phases of these writers have made their way into Yiddish literature. The symbolistic phase of Schnitzler or the picturesque side of Sudermann's talent will scarcely ever be disclosed to the Yiddish reader.

If a close search is made for the bond that unites the various foreign authors who have received prominence in Yiddish literature, it will be discovered that the links constituting the chain are criticism of society, discussion of social problems, psychological analysis, and lastly, the erotic note dominant in these works. The Yiddish newspapers in this country have not been slow to detect the general tendency of their readers; and for years they have traded on the undeveloped and one-sided intelligence of the ghetto *intellectuels*. The keen competition evinced by the largest radical Yiddish newspapers, some time ago, furnishes us with interesting psychological material in this regard. No sooner did one newspaper announce as a forthcoming serial one of the more voluptuous novels of Catulle Mendès, in its Yiddish title "Beautiful Arabella," than its contemporary and close competitor made it known that an unexpurgated translation of Maupassant's "Une Vie," expanded as "The Life of a Woman," would shortly appear in its columns. Again, when one of the newspapers, turning to Teutonic authors, resolved to entertain its readers with a translation of Elisabeth Schein's "White Slave," the other published serially a translation of Madame Boehme's "Diary of a Ruined Girl."

We have already intimated that the Jewish *intellectuel* is impregnated with modernism. This seems to be a trait of the race in general, but particularly is this proclivity noticeable in the literature read by the Jewish proletariat. Psychological analysis in fiction is what the Jewish mind craves. Thus it is that Knut Hamsun, who is known to but few English readers, is widely read in Yiddish. The exaggerated introspection of his "Hunger," so tedious to the average educated Anglo-Saxon reader, seems to delight the Jewish *intellectuel*—Jewish and not merely Yiddish, because this work was translated into Hebrew some years before it appeared in Yiddish. Hamsun is the only foreign author whose writings are more accessible in Yiddish than in English, while Przybyszewsky and Artzibashev are close seconds in this respect. Maeterlinck's name looms large in the ghetto, but his reputation there rests entirely on the "Blue Bird," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and one or two playlets.

The attitude of the Jews towards American literature is most interesting. There is a general belief among them that American fiction is shallow, and very few Yiddish-speaking Jews would condescend to read an American writer. It may be said without exaggeration that American literature is practically ignored by the children of the ghetto. Even such radicals as Walt Whitman and Jack London, though frequently referred to in articles, have not found favor in the eyes of Jewish translators or publishers. With the exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Poe's "The Raven" and several of his stories, Longfellow's "Hiawatha" (in a splendid translation by the poet Yehoash), Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and a snatch of Mark Twain, Americans are not represented in Yiddish literature. There seems to be a wide gulf between the literary taste of the American and that of the Jew. To determine what constitutes this gulf is a task for the ethnic psychologist.

In passing to the literature of science and philosophy we note the same partiality and one-sidedness. Books are not translated because of their intrinsic merit, but rather on account of the radical ideas they are calculated to disseminate among the masses. All the great autobiographies have been sacrificed for Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," which came out in two different translations. Biology is represented, not by Darwin's works, not by Lamarck, Buffon, or de Vries, but by Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid." Adam Smith and Ricardo are ignored for Lassalle, Proudhon, Karl Marx, and Kropotkin. Lassalle's "Capital and Labor" (translated and edited by the present writer at the request of the Kropotkin Literature Society) is the only scientific work which is accessible in Yiddish and not in English. When it is considered that out of about a dozen foreign scientific works extant in Yiddish four are translations of Kropotkin, the lack of perspective manifested by the literary leaders of the ghetto will be appreciated. In the face of the facts presented here, it is difficult to countenance the statement found in Nelson's Encyclopedia (in the article on Yiddish) that "translations of scientific works are especially numerous." The truth of the matter is that Yiddish is lamentably deficient in such translations.

If the ghetto Jew reveals a modernistic bent in his taste for belles-lettres, his scientific sources, it must be said, are strangely antiquated. The reason is that the intellectual lights of the Jewish proletariat are stationary in their views, and are satisfied with what they read years ago. For them

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biology has not advanced since Darwin, psychology has made no progress since Wundt's début, Marx's "Kapital" is the most recent achievement in economics, and Max Müller's conclusions are the last word on the development of religion and cognate subjects. The physical sciences are represented in Yiddish, not by the works of Newton, Helmholtz, Lavoisier, and Flammarion, but by Bernstein's series of popular books, which were of great service to the common people in Germany some forty years ago, but are entirely out of date at present. This translation, however, remains the only contribution to popular science in Yiddish. History centres around the French Revolution, and political science is confined to Kautsky's Erfurt Programme, Eltzbacher's exposition of Anarchism, Kropotkin's works, and a pamphlet ("Evolution and Revolution") by the famous geographer and anarchist, E. Reclus. Bebel's "Woman and Socialism" is about all that we find of sociology in Yiddish.

Philosophical literature in Yiddish is in a still more deplorable state. We can exhaust the list of such books by mentioning Mill's "Liberty," Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Stirner's "The Ego and His Own," and Spencer's "Education" and part of his "First Principles." Plato and Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Hegel, and Schopenhauer are, at best, mere names to intelligent Yiddish readers. The last two seem to be more popular names than the rest—the former because Marx is supposed to have been one of his disciples, and the latter on account of his pessimism, which chimes in so well with the medley of immature views entertained by the average Jewish radical.

Let it not be understood that Yiddish is low in the scale of literatures. It possesses unmistakable vitality, but for the present only in its original productions. The late J. L. Peretz and Sholem Aleichem (S. Rabinowitz)—the pillars of Yiddish literature—were indubitably writers of the first rank; and if they have not received in non-Jewish circles the recognition they merited, the reason lies in the untranslatability of their art into foreign languages. This is not a limitation attaching to the genius of these two men, but results rather from the peculiar individuality and constant separatism of the Jewish people.

The translations of the ghetto do not compare in any way with its original productions. The causes are not far to seek. The more or less assimilated Jews rarely read Yiddish. The devotees of Yiddish are generally of a radical turn of mind with a hankering after problem literature. Not abstract questions, but problems of the day, interest them; these interests have become a tradition, if not a cult, with them. To the ghetto *intellectuel*, Marx is a more profound thinker than Kant and Spinoza combined; Kropotkin, the greatest savant of contemporary times, if not of all ages.

During the last few months, there have appeared translations of Engels and Marx. At the same time, the publication in Yiddish of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar, of several volumes of Heine's poems, of Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did It," and Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Grey," as well as a portion of Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," and three of Brandes's works (on the French Revolutionary Period, Nietzsche, and Ibsen) would indicate that restricted radicalism is gradually giving way to a more catholic literary point of view among the *intellectuels* of the East Side. Incidentally it may be noted that the war has affected Yiddish literature comparatively less than the American book market. In fact, Yiddish literary productions have been increasing in number in spite of obvious drawbacks which the publishers face at present.

In the Driftway

THE President's abandonment of the effort to obtain the confirmation of General William Crozier as Chief of Ordnance ends that officer's connection with the corps of which he had been the head for seventeen years before being transferred to the line after last winter's shake-up. Promoted from a captaincy to the position of chief with the rank of brigadier-general, General Crozier gave high professional satisfaction until the mass of work heaped upon him by this gigantic combat swamped him and he gave way to a younger officer—all the more cheerfully because he had always wished to end his career as a general in command of troops in the field. This he is now doing, with the rank of major-general, and he will so continue until his retirement for age next year. The regular army has not always been distinguished for men of powerful intellect; among those that it has lately had, General Crozier has stood out conspicuously. He thought and wrote well on professional subjects; he was long an advocate of that promotion by selection which has now come to pass in war time, and he had many excellent ideas about army reforms, which, had they been carried out, would have made our war-time expansion much easier. An inventor of worth, a thorough student of foreign armies, a man of striking personality, the line of the army gains by his transfer to it, if only his health will permit his standing the physical strain of commanding a division or a corps.

* * * * *

Senator Lodge told Congress the other day that he had never till now heard of Mr. Troelstra, the Dutch Socialist; just as a year ago Mr. Creel, according to current report, had never heard of the Ukraine and believed it to be a musical instrument. The loss is theirs, but the public safety demands that this American custom of an intellectual Monroe Doctrine yield to the progress of events. In 1915 I had the pleasure of lunching with Mr. Troelstra at The Hague. A plain, rather small man, of wide and moderate views, bearing the marks of responsibilities long carried, he seemed rather the old parliamentary hand than the man of the people. More than that, Pieter Troelstra is the leader of the Friesians, is their best-known playwright and poet (see *Nation* of January 24), and the only dominant figure in the Dutch Parliament; when he speaks all listen—which, we fear, cannot always be said of Senator Lodge. To my question whether he foresaw a revolution he answered, "Not if the war ends soon, but if it lasts long there will be, not revolution, but chaos throughout Europe and the Governments will turn to the Socialists to restore order." Not much later he was taken very ill; it was said that he had had a stroke and would never again be active. Since then, however, he has again come to the front, both in the "Branting conversations" at Stockholm in the spring of 1917 and in the Socialist and Labor efforts of the past summer to bring about an international conference, attempts which occupied prominent space in all the London dailies. Yet Mr. Lodge had never heard of him!

THE DRIFTER

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Oriental Portraits

III. Kei Hara, Journalist-Premier

NO Mason and Dixon's line exists by name in Japan, but the social and economic differences induced by climate and historic origin are there. In China, the cleavage is still as potent as with us in ante-bellum days. Existing in man as in nature, these elements lie at the root of those past politics which are now history, and of the present semi-anarchy and division which are the distressing Chinese politics of to-day. It was a quarter century after the triumph of the Republican, or northern, party that a Democratic President was elected in the United States. It is a half century since a northern man has been Premier in Japan. In the civil war of 1868 the southern clans were all "loyal to the Emperor." The men of the northern fiefs, as a rule, were reactionary. Both finally bowed to the necessities of the modern world; but until recently northern men were looked upon with a certain aloofness, if not suspicion, in government councils and the elements in power were, in the main, southern. For a generation they held a monopoly. If John William Draper were living, he might write another "history" on his semi-chemical theory.

The new Premier of Japan, Kei Hara, was born at Morioka —now the centre of fruit production from imported American trees—three hundred miles or more north of Tokio. In this region the blood of the people is Ainu to a much larger extent than southward. Here the unmistakably Aryan aborigines lingered longest. Only a few miles from Morioka is Ichinohe, First Outpost, or Fort No. 1, marking the ancient frontiers of the Mikado's domain.

The countenance of the new Premier of Japan shows a large infusion of Aryan blood, albeit the exultant joy which we Westerners feel in that name and its connotation is as yet hardly experienced in Japan. In that land pride of ancestry is felt chiefly in autochthonic descent from the "gods," or in samurai extraction. It has been Eothen's pleasant task in days gone by to note, in northern Japan especially, four distinct types of face and hirsute adornment, according as the Chinese, Korean, Ainu, or "pure samurai" traits were predominant.

In the days when Hara and Eothen were as pupil and teacher, not seven thousand miles apart but under the same roof, there were great searchings of heart among the ambitious lads of the Foreign Language School, now grown to be the Imperial University, as to their future careers. Politics, business, journalism—which? The acme of desire was, of course, travel to America or Europe. Their visions in slumber, often told their teacher, were of riding on the dragon's back to New York or Paris. Politics and business were as mountains, though seen afar; journalism was only a "cloud, as big as a man's hand."

Yet in the ears of Hara Kei, as we then called his name on the roll, might even then be heard the sound of "abundance of rain," and he practiced diligently with the pen. Born in March, in the treaty year of 1854, he was seventeen when we first knew him in Tokio, and about twenty when he entered the law school. From Blackstone he turned aside to begin work as reporter on the *Hochi* (*Intelligencer*) in the capital. When in 1882 Inouye, Ito's companion in Europe and for life, was sent to Korea as special envoy, the gates of opportunity swung open wide for the young man and he went as accredited correspondent. Kuroda with his fleet, Inouye with his suavity, and Hara with his pen "opened" the long hermit nation. With almost amusing detail—even to painting portholes on the outside of transports, Commodore Perry's tactics were followed. Hara was the Bayard Taylor of this triumph of peaceful diplomacy.

Thus early, in 1882, the future statesman, party leader, editor, champion of big business, and now Premier, gained his first experience in continental and international politics. Having thus placed his ladder, the steps upward were easy and rapid. The bright promise of school days was fulfilled. Hara entered the Foreign Office. For four years he was Consul in Tientsin, China. Then—joyful fulfilment of ambition—he was sent to Paris as Secretary of Legation and Chargé d'Affaires. To this day, the extreme neatness of his garb, the clean cut of his now white hair, and his alert look and ways tell of a man of cosmopolitan culture, with a dash of French gayety and ease of manner. He mounted several more rungs as private secretary, or right-hand man—or "the legs," as the Japanese say—of two mighty men, Ito and Mutsu, both of whom now stand in bronze in the capital.

We are hardly likely to err in thinking that this early closeness to three of Japan's ablest sons, and especially the opportunity of studying their following, developed that power of reading and appraising men for which the leader of the most powerful party, the Sei-yu Kai, is noted. Indeed, Hara was Ito's partner in forming this Society of Fraternals to defend the Constitution. Later, he was Vice-Minister, Head Minister of Departments, Plenipotentiary to Korea, and finally he served in the Saionji Cabinet. But Hara has more than once wearied of the swivel chair and details of administration, and returned to his first love. From Osaka, the Manchester of Japan, first in the *Mainichi* (*Daily*) and then in the *Shimpo* (*News*), the man and his paper have been in Japan much what Scott and the *Manchester Guardian* are in England. On finance, taxes, and national policy, military or civil, we wager a box of the most luscious Japanese persimmons that the Osaka newspapers are always well read by Tokio statesmen in office. Located in the very heart of the central field of Japan's history, her densest population, and her manufacturing and shipping interests, Osaka is not in matters material second to Tokio, but is first.

Hara early discerned the tremendous play of economic forces in the modern world. Since 1902 he has represented his native prefecture of Iwate in the Lower House. When Ito passed away, Hara became leader of the Sei-yu Kai, which still holds a majority of seats in the Diet. Hence he is likely to have strong backing for his policies. Perhaps these may be best summed up in calling both man and majority Liberal Conservative.

For all that required a soldier's forceful action and organizing abilities, Terauchi was well equipped. The problems that confront Japan to-day, however, are complex and international. Being of world import, they require world knowledge, and perhaps the man of big business and international experience is the best for the Premier's place. One can hardly expect for Hara a career of dramatic interest like that of the Elder Statesmen, but by his work during a half century he has demonstrated his ability to carry enormous burdens; he possesses a wide experience, and a warm friendship for the great nations now opposing autocracy. If these qualities be a standard of excellence, Hara is the man for the hour, possibly for the unknown future.

EOTHEN

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Foreign Correspondence

I. The St. Lawrence Decision

Ottawa, September 25

THE International Joint Commission, which regulates certain arrangements between Canada and the United States, recently gave permission for a weir to be built across a channel of the St. Lawrence River near the Long Sault Rapids to provide additional power to a company in New York State engaged in the manufacture of aluminium. The water will be diverted from an international waterway, which is under the joint control of the American and Canadian people, for the purposes of a plant which is privately owned, controlled, and operated by the aluminium company. The decision, however, contained a proviso that at the end of five years, or at the end of the war if it continues after that time, the company must remove its weir from the river. This ruling effectually binds the company and will not require any new order from the International Commission.

It would convey a wrong impression to say that this decision has caused general satisfaction in Canada. The Ontario Provincial Government under the inspiration of Sir Adam Beck has been engaged in a long conflict with embattled private power interests in order to build up its own publicly owned hydro-electric system in the province. The fight was arduous and bitter, but the principle of public ownership has now more or less prevailed and public opinion has been educated up to the point where it almost unanimously opposes allowing additional water power to pass into private hands. When the Long Sault case was being heard, the Canadian Solicitor-General, Mr. Hugh Guthrie, appeared before the International Joint Commission in Montreal with a strong plea in favor of direct action by the Canadian and American Governments to develop the required water power under international government ownership, and after the session there two Cabinet Ministers, Messrs. Meighen and Sifton, repaired to Washington with an order-in-council in their pockets, prepared to come to an immediate agreement with the American Government to start the work of developing hydro-electric power on the St. Lawrence as an international government enterprise. The authorities at Washington, however, took the position that as the question had been submitted to the International Joint Commission, the matter was beyond their jurisdiction.

The decision has been a great disappointment to Canadian advocates of public ownership and a source of great comfort to the power corporations. The decision is said to have been based on war urgency—the pressing demands of the airplane programme of the United States. The aluminium company stated that it had an enormous call on its product by the War Administration at Washington and to fulfil that demand permission must be given to begin the weir not later than September 15 if it was to be of any use this winter. Secretary Baker has long been an active champion of public ownership, but in this case he apparently felt that the immediate increase of the supply of aluminium was more important than the maintenance of the principle of public ownership. Democratic opinion in Canada is quite prepared to accept the decision and to uphold the principle of international arbitration which it represents. But what it wants to be sure of is that once the urgency which called for the recent decision is past no attempts will be made and no support given by American influence to create a vested private right in the Long Sault Rapids, which have great potentialities as a source of power.

The International Commission took the line of least resistance and at the same time managed to reserve the public rights of the two peoples concerned, but there are sad experiences on record in both countries of the methods by which private interests, having obtained a footing, speedily consolidate their gains for permanent occupation. The International Joint Commission is a supreme example of the effectiveness of arbitration between civilized states, and it would be more than unfortunate if one of its important decisions should come to conflict with the political and economic ideals which are accepted by a large majority of the population of one of the contracting nations. Mr. C. A. Magrath, the Canadian chairman, in commending the method devised by the two democracies to settle disputed questions by international tribunal, said: "Of course, the very existence of such international tribunals depends on their being just and honorable and in dealing out fair play, uninfluenced by national prejudices, to all interests appearing before them." It is therefore to be hoped that when the five years elapse either the weir will be removed and the *status quo ante* reëstablished or some international scheme of governmental development of this source of power will be devised.

J. A. STEVENSON

II. British Labor and Mr. Gompers

London, September 12

THE month of September, 1918, will be memorable in the history of British labor. Last week, at its annual meeting at Derby, the Trades Union Congress celebrated its jubilee. Next week there will be held in London a most important Inter-Allied Labor and Socialist Conference. The delegates at Derby represented a constituency of four and a half million men, a million more than the membership of a year ago. The increase is accounted for partly by affiliation of new unions, and partly by recruits brought by war work to the industries already represented. Next week's Conference has been called at the suggestion of Samuel Gompers.

On domestic questions the Derby meeting adopted, in most cases with unanimity, an advanced programme. It called for the abolition of the House of Lords, a direct tax on land values, the abolition of the poor-law system, the nationalization of railways, mines, and the milk supply, the control of agriculture by the state, the reduction of working hours in all trades to 48 per week, the payment of equal wages to women and men for equal work, the full restoration of civil and industrial liberties after the war, the application of the principles of the Whitley Report to all departments of state service, the recognition of trade unionism in all disputes between the Government and its employees, the raising of the pay of soldiers and sailors to the scale enjoyed by Dominion forces, immediate compulsion upon local authorities to supply adequate housing, the substitution of the coöperative system for private trading in food, and complete adult suffrage. A comprehensive and revolutionary scheme of educational reconstruction was also put forward. For the first time in its history the Congress demanded home rule for Ireland. The passing of this resolution aroused greater enthusiasm than any other incident of the week.

One of the keenest debates took place on the proposal, of which J. Havelock Wilson was the leading advocate, to create

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a political party controlled by the Trade Union Congress and distinct from the existing Labor party. The proposal voiced the dissatisfaction felt in some labor circles at the recent extension of the Labor party to include "producers by brain" as well as "producers by hand." At the same time this scheme was not free from the suspicion that it had been fostered by certain outside interests, which aim at splitting the labor movement and thus destroying its political power. It was defeated, on a card vote, by 3,815,000 votes to 567,000. A further proposal that the trade unions included in the Labor party should form a political federation within the party received better support, gaining 1,060,000 votes against 3,107,000.

Almost the first act of the Congress was to send a message of congratulation and encouragement to the forces. There were several significant discussions on questions of policy relating to the war. Strong indignation was shown at the refusal of passports to Margaret Bondfield for her visit to America as a representative of the Congress and to the delegation of four prominent labor men who were to have met Mr. Troelstra in Switzerland. The Government was warned, by resolution, that "the patience of the organized workpeople is rapidly becoming exhausted at the continued affronts to organized labor," and Miss Bondfield was reappointed to attend the next American labor convention. J. Havelock Wilson was again unsuccessful when he attempted to secure approval for his proposal that, in condemnation of the crimes committed against seamen, there should be "no intercourse with the German nation for five years." His motion was complicated by other clauses with which the Congress had more sympathy, and in the end the previous question was carried by 3,835,000 votes to 493,000. The Congress also reaffirmed, by 2,711,000 to 591,000, the opinion of last year's meeting that the economic conditions created by the war had in no way weakened the necessity for free trade.

The attitude of the trade unionists towards peace was expressed in the following resolution:

> This Congress reaffirms the Blackpool Congress resolution and calls for the war aims of the Labor and Socialist parties of the Central Powers in answer to the war aims of the Inter-Allied Conference held in London, which asks for the destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world, or if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence; and further demands that when peace is being discussed adequate labor representation be afforded at the Peace Conference. The Congress urges the Government to establish peace negotiations immediately the enemy either voluntarily or by compulsion evacuates France and Belgium, and reaffirms its belief in the principle of the International as the safest guarantee of the world's peace.

This has been described as a "compromise resolution," and the course of the debate on it certainly confirms that interpretation. The speeches of its supporters ran the whole gamut of opinion, from pacifism to bitter-endianism. Havelock Wilson was the only speaker who urged the Congress to reject the resolution. On a show of hands it was carried by an overwhelming majority, only half a dozen hands being raised against it; and every group—pacifist, middle-of-the-road, and bitter-endian—has since been claiming that the vote at Derby was a triumphant endorsement of its own opinion.

Samuel Gompers was present at the Congress as a fraternal delegate from America. It is long since any visitor from across the Atlantic was so widely "boomed" before his arrival. The anticipatory welcome he received in the press was so effusive that to a modest man it must have been somewhat embarrassing. The *Times* devoted an editorial to a eulogy of his career, and another influential journal said that "no man in the United States, except the President himself, wields such power as does Mr. Gompers." Shortly after his arrival he was entertained at luncheon by the War Cabinet, and the Prime Minister himself proposed his health.

A collection of London press comments on the difference between the actual Gompers and the Gompers of journalistic imagination would make interesting reading in America. For example: "To one who has gained his ideas of the American labor boss from O. Henry and the more lurid transatlantic magazines, Mr. Samuel Gompers is a great disappointment. He does not live up to the pictures. No heavy gold chain, no loud waistcoat, no sparkling rings, no half-chewed cigar stub tilted upwards from his lips. And he talked to-day for over an hour without once lapsing from the precise English tongue; without a single 'Gee!' or 'Cut it out!'" It is generally confessed that "something more dramatic and picturesque" was expected. One paper remarks that in personal appearance Mr. Gompers suggests the professional pianist rather than the labor leader. In another we are told that "if one may say so without offence, he reminds you of the familiar type of American capitalist." The immobility of his countenance, the slowness of his utterance, and the carefulness with which he chooses his words have all contributed to the building up of the new Gompers portrait which has now become the accepted representation of him in the British press. The interviewers who met him the other day are agreed that he is "a man of powerful and determined character." "The most persistent journalist," says one of them, "cannot side-track him where he does not want to go. He quickly, so to speak, shunts himself back on to the main line, pushing the journalist before him."

At Derby, the trade unionists gave Mr. Gompers a cordial reception, but his speech did not carry them off their feet. Even so ardent an admirer as the *Times* had to confess to a certain sense of disappointment. "It would be untrue to say," runs its report, "that the speech of Mr. Gompers quite fulfilled the expectations of many members of his audience. It was long and discursive, and failed, except at intervals, to grip and rouse the delegates." Arthur Henderson, speaking a little later at the same session, took occasion to minimize the alleged disagreement between the American visitor and himself. "We are the best of friends," he declared. "We are aiming at the same object. We have only one difference, and that is the difference for the moment of method, between his method and our method. I will venture to say that, before the Inter-Allied Conference closes, there will be a shorter distance between American labor's position and ours."

Of the various speeches that Mr. Gompers has made in England it may be said, without any disrespect to him, that, if you have heard one of them, you have heard them all. They emphasize the vastness of the war effort America is now making, they confidently assure the British public that America is with the Allies in this fight to a finish, and they affirm the determination of American labor to refuse to meet any representatives of the enemy country until the war is won. As yet Mr. Gompers has refrained from offering any contribution to the solution of the problem of international reconstruction after the war. Another fact may be worth recording. In all his reported utterances there is not a word from which one might become aware that there existed in America any workingmen outside the Federation of Labor.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

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A Public Library

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE dead have given us this beauty;
Out of their pain have heaped it in our hands.
Very seldom, of the hundreds passing,
Comes one who understands.

They look out piteously at the hurried readers,
Their wondering dead eyes dim;
Each day they watch to find, at last, their kinsman,
And give their gold to him.

Correspondence

Zeus and Kaiser

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among all the various historical parallels and prophetic passages collected in connection with the Kaiser and the war, I have seen none which admits of more interesting applications and interpretations than the following, from Æschylus, "Prometheus Bound" (Plumptre's translation):

"Let him sit fearless, in his peals on high
Putting his trust, and shaking in his hands
His darts fire-breathing. Nought shall they avail
To hinder him from falling shamefully
A fall intolerable. Such a combatant
He arms against himself, a marvel dread,
Who shall a fire discover mightier far
Than the red levin, and a sound more dread
Than roaring of the thunder, and shall shiver
That plague sea-born that causeth earth to quake,
The trident weapon of Poseidon's strength:
And stumbling on this evil, he shall learn
How far apart a king's lot from a slave's."

M. E. CROCKER

Williamsport, Pa., September 1

The Careless Briton

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, Mr. D. T. Pottinger (in the *Nation* of August 3), does the British nation an injustice when he refers to her "treacherous calmness." If he should read the English papers—the *Daily Mail*, for instance—he will realize that you in America have no monopoly of the gentle art of hating. For some time I made cuttings of the choicest bits of billingsgate appearing day by day in the London press: hateful Huns, vermin, blonde beasts, ogres, ghouls, and the like. But the collecting became monotonous. It is a trite but real saying that abuse is not argument. The gallant men who are fighting our battles rarely if ever descend to abuse of the enemy, for they know how silly and futile it is. The British airman who follows the charred or mangled remains of a fallen foe to the grave knows perfectly well that his enemy could not help being born a German, and was only doing his duty to the land of his birth.

I am surprised to learn that German books in American public libraries have been sequestrated and that the "vile language," the language of Schiller and Goethe, is being stamped out of American schools and colleges. How many thousands of violent deaths have the Kaiser and the German nation suffered! Even now there are thousands who are doing their best to perpetuate hatred—hatred which is childish, undignified, unsoldierly, ineffectual; hatred which will not help one iota in winning the war.

REGINALD ATKINSON

London, August 18

Polish Grammars

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of Polish grammars, in the issue of September 7, you mention several that are rather antiquated. Also, a Polish grammar published in Germany is liable to be written by a Wasserpolack while the Americans want, I suppose, the Varsavian Polish. The best introduction to the Polish language I know of is Casimir Karwowski, "Grammaire Polonaise" (Paris: H. Le Soudier). It grafts the grammar on a short story by Sienkiewicz. The best conversation book is Severin Kutner's "Die polnische Umgangssprache" (Leipzig: Gerhard). The same Mr. Kutner published also an excellent "Deutsch-Polnisches Taschen-Wörterbuch" (Leipzig: Teubner).

Henry Sweet's "Russian Pronunciation," buried in the Transactions of the London Philological Society, 1877-79, is the best introduction to the Russian language I know. Asboth's "Kurze russische Grammatik" (Leipzig: 1897), can also be highly recommended.

The instances of an American writing a grammar of a foreign language—not included in the high school curriculum—are indeed very scarce. This country is as dependent now on England for such publications as it was just after the Revolutionary War. *Sapienti sat!*

JOSEPH DE PEROTT

Worcester, Mass., September 11

The Biter Bit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A couple of Christmases ago, when Houghton Mifflin published my translation of Montaigne's Essay on Friendship and XXIX Sonnets by Etienne de la Boétie, the *Nation* called it the prettiest of the season's gift books. It added that the translation was competent, but not distinguished (I quote from memory; I didn't keep a clipping). Not a word to remark the first English rendering of the sonnets, which, however badly done, deserved, for being done at all, at least a word from a publication devoted partly to literature.

About a year later the *Nation* noticed the book again, for the purpose of pointing out four typographical errors, three in Latin and one in an Italian word. That was characteristic, but not kind. It was of slight interest to anybody, and of no use to anybody save Houghton Mifflin and me—except in so far as it displayed the erudition of the *Nation*

Last year, when Mr. Kennerley published my translation of Lazarillo de Tormes, the *Nation* noticed it in a patronizing review, which showed the critic's scholarship more than anything else. Instead of giving me credit for a painstakingly true version, he paraded his own knowledge of the history of the original, and called attention to an oversight in rendering one almost untranslatable play on words.

While all this gave me a great opinion of the *Nation's* erudition and exactitude, it did, I admit, also irritate me. I was ready for revenge. Of course, I have not the opportunity for a public revenge (unless your magnanimity gives it to me); still I joyously seize the chance you now present.

In your review of August 17 of Mr. Fassett's translation of "The Three-Cornered Hat" (Knopf), you four times print the author's name as Alarçon, with a cedilla. Had the book borne the name so printed, I should have expected the *Nation* eagerly to explain that the cedilla is not used in Spanish, that the "c" is hard here. But Alarcon has no cedilla in the book. The cedilla is a gratuitous gift from the *Nation*.

In the case of a publication that obviously considers itself a final judge on matters of taste and learning (and I confess that I am inclined to agree), nothing short of a public apology ought to condone for such an error, reflecting as it does on Messrs. Fassett and Knopf.

Just a year ago to-day you wrote me a letter apologizing for "an error made in the review" of my translation (of Lazarillo), and courteously offering to "correct the error" in your next issue: which I remember you did, although I have forgotten what the error was. The precedent is admirable.

LOUIS HOOD

New York, September 8

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A Patrician in the Russian Revolution

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following letter, received last spring from a Russian countess, reveals a point of view of the Russian Revolution which has not received much publicity.

V. Sydney Rothschild.

Cambridge, September 19

"What a year! What a dreadful disastrous year for Russia and the true Russians, who never for one moment, one instant, rejoiced in the mad revolution, whose first crazy act was to destroy the world-famed army we were proud of—then followed all the rest! Impudent, cowardly, traitor Kerensky, godfather to the Lenines and the Trotzkys, whom he not only tolerated but called into Russia to help him in his black deeds. Oh! May I see the day of Russia's vengeance!

"I think I told you (though I spoke seldom on this subject) that our country place near Pietrokrow, in Russian Poland, our home, with its collection of pictures (masterpieces), its grand library, its porcelain collection, all, everything has been in the hands of the Germans since August, 1914. Painful, certainly; but what I deplored more than the material loss was the loss of family portraits, my father's and mother's pictures, made by two of the most renowned portrait painters of Petrograd.

"Since October, since the grotesque and tyrannical reign of Bolshevik demons, pensions have been abolished. This deed, like so many others, has been dictated by hatred to the upper classes, by the wish to pull down and to destroy nobility. Our "liberators" ought to have reflected that in depriving me and others like me of means of existence, they also hit a blow to the lower classes, for with us a corporal's and a sergeant's widow or daughter had as much right to a pension as a general's daughter or widow. Well, the disastrous Bolshevik reign must and will cease. Everything that has been unjustly done will be undone by our great Mother. Russia, but in the meantime her true children must stem the tide. I must work and have already taken the steps necessary to gain something for my living. Not an easy matter for a Russian in Genoa to do. I have chosen nursing because for nearly three years I have nursed in the Italian Red Cross for the love of mankind, for the poor heroic sufferers of the country which gave me hospitality. The medal I received on the 4th of June, 1917, ought to help me enter any hospital, but nothing is easy for a Russian now.

"Times were not so desperately bad till now, when no correspondence with Russia is possible, and I don't even know who of my dear ones is dead or alive in Petrograd, my native town, the centre of our family affairs. I speak openly to you as one speaks to friends. God knows how much I will appreciate a warm, friendly word from you in these bitter moments."

First Latin

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your review of Clark and Game's "First Latin" concludes with these words: "'First Latin' no doubt has merit, but it does not seem to leave much to the initiative of the teacher." Normal schools seek to inculcate methods, and this means the forestalling of unproductive initiatives. The same directive privilege will belong to editors until all teachers are specialists in material and methods. As the editors of "First Latin" give their own initiatives, tested in long and varied experience, there is wisdom in presenting these rather than leaving much to the initiative of less trained teachers, a course that would result in ends less clearly seen and in the use of less efficient means for securing them.

The points of merit in "First Latin" are not to be found in all beginning Latin books. What are some of them? The pervasive spirit of the work can be expressed by *Hic nil cessandun est*, "No slacking here," for the persistent insistence on drill keeps ever present the fact that the study of Latin demands the best efforts the pupil can give. Its material is interesting, and so non-stereotyped that it has been criticised for using an example from Cicero's Epistles. The pupil will thank "First Latin" for giving him the original story in Latin if he meets in his collateral English "the captives whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, 'Not Angles, but Angels.'" He will feel some nearness to the Latin when he finds the everyday forms of expression "is going to fight" and "had to fight" as translations of the Latin periphrastics. He will get, though it may mean little to him, the latest word on the dative with compound verbs, and on the accent of words with enclitics. If he ever reaches Cæsar's indirect discourse he will have a sure guide, if he remembers the explanation in Lesson 88, 4, Note. These and other points that might be mentioned are, it is true, trifles, but of the kind that go to make perfection.

R. B. Steele

Vanderbilt University, August 28

A Pessimistic Historian

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is an interesting passage in "The Science of History," a speech given by Mr. Froude at the Royal Institution, February 5, 1864: "The temper of each new generation is a continual surprise. The Fates delight to contradict our most confident expectations. Gibbon believed that the era of conquerors was at an end. Had he lived out the full life of man, he would have seen Europe at the feet of Napoleon. But a few years ago we believed the world had grown too civilized for war, and the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was to be the inauguration of a new era. Battles bloody as Napoleon's are now the familiar tale of every day; and the arts which have made the greatest progress are the arts of destruction. What next? We may strain our eyes into the future which lies beyond this waning century; but never was conjecture more at fault. It is blank darkness, which even the imagination fails to people."

L. E. Cousins

University of Wisconsin, August 17

Taxation and the Constitution

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to me that you are quite too confident in your editorial entitled "Is the Constitution Passing?" that the proposed extension of the income tax to the official incomes of the President and the Federal judges would be unconstitutional. That an act which imposed a special burden upon these incomes would be void goes without saying; but as I understand it, such is not the case with the suggested measure. It merely removes an exemption from the operation of a general law, passed in Constitutional good faith in the undoubted exercise of the taxing power of Congress. The President and judges are citizens of the United States as well as officers. And there seems no good reason why they should be exempt from the financial burdens of citizenship.

Edward S. Corwin

Princeton, N. J., August 26

A Chance for Socrates

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: That the German professor was known for his self-conceit long before the victories of 1870 is shown by an anecdote I have just read in an old book, entitled "Exercises to the Rules and Construction of French Speech," by Lewis Chambaud, seventeenth edition, London, 1801:

"A German Doctor in an assembly where he wanted to refute Rousseau's satire against sciences and arts, thus began his speech: 'Brethren, were Socrates to come back among us, and were he to see the flourishing situation in which the sciences are in Europe, why do I say Europe? in Germany; why do I say Germany? in Saxony; why do I say in Saxony? at Leipzig; why do I say at Leipzig? in this university. Then, struck with astonishment, and awed with respect, Socrates would modestly sit down among our scholars; and receiving our lessons with humility, would soon lose among us that ignorance he so justly complained of.'"

Henri Kampman

New York, August 20

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BOOKS

The Letters of Lord Acton

Selections from the Correspondence of the First Lord Acton. Edited with an Introduction by John Neville Figgis and Reginald V. Lawrence. Volume I. Correspondence with Cardinal Newman, Lady Blennerhassett, W. E. Gladstone, and others. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

EVERYBODY now knows what few people knew in his lifetime, that the late Lord Acton was one of the most remarkable men of his time in the field of historical learning, and one of the most acute observers of contemporary politics and literature. He had among his personal friends some of the great figures of his time, such as Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, Dr. von Döllinger, Montalembert, and a host of other notable persons in Germany, France, and Italy as well as in England. Being himself partly German and Italian in blood, though his family was an old one in the West of England, having received part of his education in Germany and married a German lady, speaking Italian and French as easily as English, he was to an extraordinary degree a cosmopolitan being, accustomed to look at current affairs from many points of view. He sat for a short time in the British House of Commons, and at one time edited a quarterly review. Yet in spite of the immense reputation he enjoyed in the circle of his personal acquaintances, he seems to have remained practically unknown to the British public till, shortly before the end of his life, he was appointed regius professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge, England. His passion for the acquisition of knowledge was so intense as to prevent him from composing books for publication, and till his emergence as a university teacher, all he had produced was a few magazine articles, remarkable for their literary art as well as their learning, but written in a style so allusive, and sometimes so subtle or even obscure, as to make them difficult for ordinary readers.

After his death several volumes of his lectures were published, with a collection of some of his magazine articles, and these constitute a valuable mass of work, though far less than he might have bequeathed to us had not most of his assiduous labor, continued through a long life, been devoted to the piling up of a body of learning unequalled, at least among English-speaking men, by any of his contemporaries. The comparatively small record of the results of his studies contained in these published works is fortunately enlarged by his correspondence. He was a great letter-writer, and those to whom he wrote valued his letters and kept them. They contain a great deal of most interesting matter. One series, addressed to a daughter of Mr. Gladstone (Mrs. Henry Drew), were given to the world some years ago. The present volume contains many others, addressed, some few in his early years to his mother and to his step-father (the late Lord Granville), the rest chiefly to Mr. Gladstone, and many of these are accompanied by replies from the latter and from such other persons of eminence as Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Dean Church, and a very learned German, the late Lady Blennerhassett. Many of these relate to the proceedings at the famous Vatican Council of 1870 and to the bearing of the Decrees which emanated from it, and to which Acton was strenuously hostile. These are classed in this volume as "Ecclesiastical Correspondence." Following them comes another mass, described as "General Correspondence," which covers all manner of subjects, political, ecclesiastical, literary, and personal. Their contents cannot be summarized, but there is scarcely one which does not contain some philosophical reflection, or some literary judgment of genuine value. There is, as some one said of the Scotch dish called "a sheep's head," a "great deal of fine, confused feeding," for the morsels are dainty.

The book unfortunately presents us with another and less agreeable kind of confusion. The arrangement of the letters is perplexing to the last degree. The method of classification adopted, partly by subjects, partly by persons, entirely disregards chronology. The consequence is that we find topics belonging to the same year and relating to the same (then current) events turning up repeatedly in different parts of the book, and we have constantly to carry our minds back to the preceding letters in which the same topic was dealt with under a different heading. The difficulty is increased by the fact that the letters are sometimes dated only by the day of the month, so that we are left to conjecture the year. The editors have doubtless wished to help the reader by placing certain topics together, but they have as certainly not succeeded in helping him. It is to be hoped that in the second volume of letters which is to follow, and which is to contain what ought to be of high interest, viz., Acton's correspondence with his famous teacher, Dr. von Döllinger, a chronologial order will be strictly adhered to.

Besides the objective historical and philosophical value which Acton's remarks possess, these letters throw much new light on the peculiar character of Acton's own mind and system of thought. He was, and remained to the end of his life, a pious and indeed a devoted Catholic. But he was also a singularly conscientious student of history and a singularly austere moralist. In these two capacities he appears as constantly censuring the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, past and present, denying some of the foundations on which they built, condemning in language of more than Protestant severity much of their conduct and many of the doctrines which they inculcated. His opposition to the Vatican Decree of 1870, which proclaimed the infallibility of the Pope, was so energetic—he was in Rome at the time and worked hard against the Infallibilist party—that many thought either that he would leave the Church or that the Church would excommunicate him. Neither result followed. He never accepted the Decree, but as he was a layman he did not ultimately declare explicitly whether or no he did submit himself to it; and for the same reason the ecclesiastical authorities thought it best not to press formally for a declaration, though they did excommunicate Döllinger, who was a priest. Some of the letters contain statements of Acton's position, which are among the most curious things that any pious Catholic has written in our time or indeed at any time. Here is one of the most trenchant:

> My story is that of a man who started in life believing himself a sincere Catholic and a sincere Liberal; who therefore renounced everything in Catholicism which was not compatible with liberty and everything in politics, which was not compatible with Catholicity; of the two parties, of the two doctrines which have governed England for 200 years, I judged that one to be most fitted to the divine purpose which upheld civil and relig-

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ious liberty. . . . I carried further than others the doctrinaire belief in mere Liberalism, identifying it altogether with morality, and holding the ethical standard and purpose to be supreme and sovereign. I carried this principle into the study of history when I had the means of getting beyond the common limit of printed books. There I presently found that there had been a grievous error in the Church, consisting of a practice sanctioned by the theory that much wrong may be done for the sake of saving souls. Men became what we should otherwise call demons in so good a cause. And this tendency overspread Christendom from the twelfth century, and was associated with the Papacy, which sanctioned, encouraged, and employed it. . . . The Ultramontane, desiring to defend the Papacy, had to condone and justify its acts and laws. He was worse than the accomplices of the Old Man of the Mountain, for they picked off individual victims. But the Papacy contrived murder and massacre on the largest and also on the most cruel and inhuman scale. They were not only wholesale assassins, but they made the principle of assassination a law of the Christian Church and a condition of salvation. Was it better to renounce the Papacy out of horror for its acts or to condone the acts out of reverence for the Papacy? The Papal party preferred the latter alternative. It appeared to me such men are infamous in the last degree. I did not accuse them of error, as I might impute it to Grotius or Channing, but of crime. I thought that a person who imitated them for political or other motives was worthy of death. But those whose motive was religious seemed to me worse than the others, because that which is in others the last resource of conversion is with them the source of guilt. . . . It is well that an enthusiast for monarchy be forced to bear in mind the story of Nero and Ivan, of Louis XIV and Napoleon: that an enthusiast for democracy be reminded of St. Just and Mazzini. It is more essential that an enthusiast of the Papacy be made to contemplate its crimes, because its influence is nearer the conscience, and the spiritual danger of perverted morals is greater than the evil of perverted politics. It is an agency constantly active, pervading life, penetrating the soul by many channels, in almost every sermon and in almost every prayer-book. It is the fiend skulking behind the crucifix. The corruption which comes from revolutionary or absolutist sympathies is far less subtle and expansive. It reaches the lower regions of the mind and does not poison that which is noblest. (Pp. 54-56.)

To explain how Acton could write thus vehemently in 1879 and yet remain a good Catholic to the end of his life, and to cite other passages in these letters which help to illustrate his position, would involve extracts too long to be here given. Those to whom the phenomenon is interesting must read the letters for themselves; and they will do well to allow for a certain tendency to exaggeration in Acton's way of expressing himself, particularly in these private letters. In his eagerness to attain effect by forcible statement, he sometimes went to extremes, and many of his dicta need to be balanced by noting qualifications which he did not add, but which may be gathered from his deliverances in other letters. Dangerous as he held rhetoric to be, he was sometimes unconsciously carried away by it; and many of his judgments cannot be accepted as conveying either the whole truth or his own well-considered opinion. He is usually a severe, sometimes an over-severe judge, not awed by a great name. Much as he admired Cardinal Newman, there are some hard things said of the latter, as, for instance:

In going over many volumes of Newman, I have been struck by the art with which he tries to make believe that he holds opinions of which, in private, he professes the contrary (p. 82);

and (on p. 59) he refers to Newman as "that splendid sophist." Of other deliverances touching illustrious figures we find many. Here is one on Francis Bacon:

He was no metaphysician, still less a divine, and he was the worst of politicians. He did not understand the science of his time, and on its subsequent course his influence was less than used to be supposed. For Harvey, Boyle, and Newton, it was as if he had never existed. But his position is immense as a destroyer of the Past, and as a writer of almost unexampled cleverness (*esprit*). It is not too much to say that he is the most famous Englishman in prose. (P. 224.)

In one place Acton says, in writing to Mr. Gladstone of Bishop Butler, the thinker whom the British statesman most admired, "The doctrine of Butler's sermons is borrowed from Sarasa" (a sixteenth-century Jesuit), and in another letter he observes that

Kant is the macrocosm of Butler. He is Butler writ very large. His main argument on the deification of conscience came to him from the Analogy and the Sermons. (P. 225.)

For an elaborate, and unfriendly, estimate of Macaulay, see p. 260; for an equally disparaging analysis of Bishop Dupanloup, in his day the most famous of French bishops, see pp. 50–52.

Of the letters to Acton from his distinguished contemporaries, the most interesting, because the most characteristic, are those from Cardinal Newman, from Dean Church, and from Gladstone. Those from the last named of this trio give little support to the notion which seems to have had some currency among Englishmen, that Acton was a political adviser by whose counsels the statesman was influenced. The matters on which Gladstone sought advice, and sought it modestly and deferentially, were historical and ecclesiastical. When he wrote, which he was fond of doing, on questions touching theology or Biblical criticism, he used to consult Acton, who had a wide knowledge, extraordinary in an English layman, of both subjects. It was well that Gladstone did so, for his mentor saved him from many errors. Gladstone was a good classical scholar of the old type, and knew a great deal about some sides of ecclesiastical history. But he was almost wholly ignorant of the new developments of Old Testament criticism, and of many facts connected with the earlier centuries of Christianity, so that the guidance of his learned friend was much needed. Some valuable remarks on the state of thought in the ancient world at the time when the new religion was making its way in the Roman Empire are well worth reading (p. 211).

The most illuminative contributions to current history which the letters contain are to be found in those which refer to the Vatican Council of 1870, the one occasion in Acton's life which brought him into effective contact with the course of important events. Though he had visited the United States in his youth, and continued to be interested in what passed there, there are but few observations on American history. It is worth noting that he sympathized warmly with the South during the Civil War, conceiving that its cause was the cause of liberty, because based on the constitutional rights of the several States. An interesting letter to him from General Robert E. Lee, written in 1866, will be found at p. 302. In spite of his vast learning and breadth of view, Acton would now and then look at things from one side only and ignore facts bearing the other way. An instance may be found in the reference to Mazzini in a passage already quoted. How could he mention in the same breath, as if they belonged to the same category, the Italian patriot and a bloodthirsty ruffian like St. Just? Apparently because he accepted the tales which were circulated regarding the complicity of Mazzini in the

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tyrannicidal plans of certain revolutionaries who were working for the liberation of Italy. His own Italian friends and connections were mostly in the opposite camp, ready to believe all that was said against the Genoese revolutionist. Acton had so intense a feeling for the sanctity of human life that he would have condemned as a murderer any one who took life, even under circumstances which not only ancient philosophers, but not a few modern Christian thinkers, would have deemed to be cases of justifiable tyrannicide. Mazzini's disciples, however, it would seem, always denied the charge when brought against their prophet.

A perusal of these letters raises a question of general interest, which is the more important because much of the old reserve felt in publishing private correspondence soon after the departure of those who wrote it seems to have begun to disappear. When an expression of opinion, written privately, and often under some excitement, is found in a letter, it is apt to be put on a level with what a man writes for publication; and if the writer is a man of learning and authority, importance is attached to it. But the difference between views so expressed and those intended for publication is profound. When a man composes for the public, he revises what he has written. He corrects the proof sheets at least twice. He sees in print what he has written. He has ample opportunities for weighing his words and for considering what effect they will have upon readers. All these things are absent in the case of a private letter, written on the impulse of the moment, and addressed to a friend who probably knows what allowances to make for vehemence of expression. Yet it is hard for any reader of published correspondence, unless he happens to have a personal knowledge of the writer of the letter, to make those allowances. He takes what is written as a deliberate deliverance. Not a few dicta are scattered through these letters of Lord Acton's which those who are familiar with his published works cannot accept as conveying his final and considered judgments. Some are indeed inconsistent, or reconcilable only by a closely critical examination of the precise sense in which Acton may have intended them at the moment of writing. It would be well, therefore, if the editors of such a correspondence as this were to add some cautions as to the use to be made of it. Their interesting and appreciative Introduction would have furnished an opportunity for doing so; but probably, being themselves in a position to make such allowances as we have referred to, it did not occur to them that many readers would be less well equipped. Indiscretions increase the interest of letters, but it must be remembered that even wise and learned men can yield to the temptation of saying perhaps much more than they mean.

Contributors to this Issue

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A Lasting Peace

Problems of the Peace. By William Harbutt Dawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

IT is difficult to pass judgment on this book—not upon the spirit or the motives, for the author's ideals are fine and pure and high, and there is a lofty calmness and splendid generosity in every chapter of the work, but upon some of the propositions and conclusions. His purpose is the best. He rightly says that there is no greater duty now than to instruct and prepare, so that a just and righteous peace be made, for the diplomats themselves may not do it. He quotes Lord Clarendon's saying in 1856: "We have made a peace, but it is not *the* peace." May it not be so now, after the slaughter and pitiful suffering of these four dreadful years! But it will not be if there are many wise and noble enough to put aside thoughts of revenge and think only of that which will bring lasting peace. Mr. Dawson's friends say that he displays "unexpected moderation," but "this book has been written from the standpoint of the future and of the interests of generations still unborn." The difficulty is that he is writing of the settlement of the war and of the most important and complicated questions which will soon perplex the greatest statesmen and the wisest councillors in the world. But the peace terms ought to occupy more and more of the public mind, so when we have an excellent book by an author well qualified to speak with authority, it deserves the widest consideration, though all the conclusions may not be accepted.

It is not necessary to say that Mr. Dawson is well acquainted with whatever relates to modern German affairs. He has also studied to advantage the details of other great moments in the diplomatic history of Europe, and read many of the sayings and reflections of the statesmen who took part in the general peace congresses of the past. He cites wise words from moderate leaders, whose counsel was not always followed, and he relates sadly the disillusionment and undoing which ensued once and again upon repression, retaliation, and revenge. And from the midst of all this he shows how even now there rises the same passion for vengeance, the same fearful hatred, which there was when Napoleon's power was being laid in the dust. All around there are those who are saying what must be done to Germany and Austria, and how the map of Europe must be remade, and in what manner the enemy can best be rendered helpless for the future. But those who act from bitterness and hatred, those who do not understand moderation or essential conditions, cannot make a lasting peace; they only prepare the way for new disasters; and these catastrophes come not upon the makers but upon innocent posterity, often ignorant of the causes thereof. Moderation, conciliation, he says, were the motives which guided the statesmen who dealt with France in 1815, and which underlay the Peace of Prague in 1866, and of Vereeniging in 1902, and in each case the policy was completely justified by the results. But the Peace of Paris in 1856 and the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871 were dictated by rancor and retaliation, "and as the seed, so also was the fruit." Then, let there be nobility, and wisdom, and even forgiveness—it will not be so much for the enemy as for after generations and the world. This war has threatened civilization with virtual destruction. If another followed, more terrible still, it is too much to hope that under such blows Western civilization could continue. More

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than ever before, perhaps, it depends upon the character of this settlement whether there shall follow an armed truce and more dreadful war or lasting peace, and, maybe, something of the golden age of mankind.

It would be a great mistake to think that this writing is in the interests of the Germans or from their point of view. Like almost every one else, the author believes that Germany deliberately brought on this war, he has the utmost abhorrence for the vile and horrible methods which she has used, and, while the book has to do with the settlement after the war, he constantly assumes the premise that Germany must first be thoroughly beaten. Indeed, he sees no safety for mankind until Germany as the result of the defeat of her armies has won for her people a liberal and democratic form of government; and it is with the German people thus organized that he pleads for a liberal, wise, and satisfying agreement.

He believes that the terms of peace should include reparation and restitution, at least for Belgium and France; and that the indemnities necessary for this should be raised through appropriation of the revenues from the public property of Germany, of which there is a very considerable amount. That is to say, Germany's fiscal property, vested for administration in an international commission, and held in trust for Belgium and France, should be capitalized, and interest-bearing bonds should be issued. A large sum might thus be raised. But there are certain limits beyond which one cannot go. Germany could not pay the large indemnities which some have talked of, and the author disapproves of any attempt to exact them. As to enforcing the payment, he seems to rely not upon armed occupation and terror, but rather on the newly awakened conscience of Germany under the better régime which he hopes for. Austria-Hungary should indemnify Servia and Montenegro in similar fashion. He doubts the feasibility of attempting to punish individuals or the possibility of doing it in any manner which will satisfy the higher standards of justice held by Germany's foes. No eye for an eye, then. But there will be the infamy of the future, and the detestation in which Germans will be held for many a year to come.

The author has no place for merely retaliatory measures, whether political or economic. He discusses the proposals hitherto made, showing how difficult it would actually be to carry out most of them, and how even the most specious bear the seeds of trouble to come. Nor does he approve of radical territorial changes. He doubts whether much if any territory ought to be taken from the German Empire; and, as showing the temper in which the book is written, he urges that England restore the colonies which she has seized, though this should be done with the understanding of proper safeguards for the native inhabitants and on condition that Germany abandon her present system of government and set up a parliamentary system. Germany needs colonies and ought to have them. "It is to the interest of Great Britain more than of any other country that Germany should be encouraged and even assisted to colonize." And we judge that he would favor allowing a regenerated Germany such chance as she might without prejudice to others obtain in South America, since he alludes in passing to the Monroe Doctrine as "that hoary formula." Hereafter more people in America will so regard it, we believe.

With Austria the case is different. The surest way of driving Austria still further into Germany's hands is to weaken her unduly, and it is to be hoped that the old alliance between them may now be brought to an end; yet there are some things concerning the welfare of Europe to be settled at her expense. He thinks that Russia's claims have prior consideration, largely because there can never be permanent peace in the nearer East until the racial claims of these Powers have satisfaction. Formerly Russia desired Galicia and part of the Bukovina, but it is difficult to say now whether she desires anything at all. Certainly, however, Austria should withdraw from the Balkans, Bosnia and Herzegovina going to make part of a strong new Servian state. Italy's pretensions are next. There should be no more *Italia irredenta*, Rome receiving the Trentino and Trieste—the latter if she insists upon it, but it would be well if it were made a free port as regards customs, though subject to full Italian political sovereignty. Dalmatia, along with South Slavic communities, should go to a new South Slavic confederation grouped about an enlarged Servia resting on the Adriatic. Boundaries in the Balkans should be altered in the interests of racial distribution. Turkish dominion in Europe ought to come to an end, with Constantinople, perhaps, internationalized, unfortified, and a free commercial city. Asiatic Turkey should be largely partitioned among European Powers, and Mr. Dawson would not debar the new Germany from getting an equitable share.

We reserve Alsace-Lorraine to the last, though the author discusses it first, as the most critical territorial problem of the settlement. We believe that very generally people favor the restitution of these provinces to France. Mr. Dawson is rather doubtful about this. At the end of his chapter he makes the "frank admission" that if Germany is defeated, then, with respect to Alsace-Lorraine, "it will be for France to say the decisive word." But he states very fully the difficulties surrounding the problem, and his own opinion is that the best friends of France might wish that she could be willing to make some compromise which would satisfy Germany as well as herself, for if that be not the case, it is not certain that France can always count on her present allies to support her in future wars, and alone she might not be able to stand against a Germany with superior population burning to avenge her losses. It will be very difficult for most people, certainly most Frenchmen, to look at this matter with the philosophical detachment which the author has. The basic idea in the book, after all, is that the foundation of a permanent peace is a just and moderate conduct, which in concrete terms seems very largely to denote a Germany well treated and satisfied. But there is certainly also the opinion widely held by others that offenders have sometimes been compelled to keep the peace until they learned to be law-abiding.

BASED upon his own large experience and his observation of hospitals throughout the British Isles, R. Tait McKenzie in "Reclaiming the Maimed" (Macmillan; $2) very briefly describes such physical methods of treatment as have been found valuable in restoring disabled soldiers to duty. The chapter in which he describes a score of appliances used in reëducating injured muscles and joints will prove useful to those who must devise contrivances of this kind. The author believes that many physicians have ignored these methods; it would be well for them to read this little book, because it makes no preposterous claims, as do some of the so-called "schools" founded upon massage, hydro-therapy, radiant energy, electricity, and other physical means of therapy.

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Railway Regulation

Regulation of Railways. Including a Discussion of Government Ownership versus Government Control. By Samuel O. Dunn. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.75 net.

MR. DUNN'S "Regulation of Railways" consists in part of articles which have already appeared in various periodicals, and his wide familiarity with railroad questions places at the disposal of the interested public what is probably the best-informed and most comprehensive treatment of the matter. As a contribution of materials for an intelligent consideration of our central economic problem, Mr. Dunn's work is certainly more helpful than the disappointing medley recently issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, entitled "War Adjustments in Railroad Regulation." In collections like this symposium each writer possibly sacrifices a great many of the principles upon which a solution of such problems must be based, for the sake of making a sharp presentation of his own particular point of view. Mr. Dunn at least here has a whole book to himself, and in the absence of rival claims to the reader's attention he can afford to forego the opportunity for special pleading.

A certain element of confusion in discussion of the problem arises from the dispatch with which practical measures have been taken in regard to it. As Mr. Dunn says in his preface:

> Before the book could be published President Wilson decided that the system of private management and Government regulation of railroads, which has prevailed since the Hepburn Act went into effect in 1906, was not adapted to securing the efficiency of transportation required during the war; and on December 28, 1917, he took, on behalf of the Federal Government, direct control of all railroads.

Such rapidity of action has in many cases surprised the advocates of nationalization and deprived them of an occupation, for the public, having now accepted the fact, will be in a position to pass final judgment on its own experience of results. Those, on the other hand, who have had power taken from or given them by the fortunes and necessities of war are so occupied with the end to which Government control is a means that reflection on six months' experience is only beginning to find expression. However, the experience of other countries has long been available and is often cited by Mr. Dunn. The economic phenomena usually attending Government control of utilities have already appeared: increased rates and decreased service. Unexpected delay and opposition have been met with in arranging terms of contract with the railroads, and in other ways the ineffectiveness of the individual in relation to the sovereign power has been realized. After the war is over, it will still be difficult to see that the railroad question is primarily an economic one; there is a serious possibility that this grave question will be settled not by thorough analysis of the facts and lessons of our railroad experience by itself, but by public acclamation.

Mr. Dunn first traces the history of regulation and endeavors to discover the basic errors in our system of regulation; he concludes that "almost every one of these faults of regulation is due largely to the fact that regulation is influenced to an excessive degree by politics." If regulation is thus faulty, permanent ownership by a Government such as ours would perhaps make the evil chronic. Mr. Dunn phrases the idea in this way: "There is no magic in Government ownership to prevent economic forces from producing their appropriate results." The author corrects much current talk which finds a superficial argument in classifying a railroad as a public highway. He shows the advantage of regulation by commissions rather than by legislative action, but points out that improvements are needed if the roads return to private ownership after the war. As between Federal and State regulation, the former is greatly to be preferred.

The regulation of rates is taken up, and the doubtful utility of the present slow-moving and inconclusive physical valuation is discussed. When he comes to the regulation of securities, Mr. Dunn makes a good point in saying: "The average capitalization per mile of the railways of the United States is smaller than that of any other important system of railways in the world. This could not be if their managements generally had been guilty of the recklessness and dishonesty which often is alleged against them." Regulation of railway operation has been one-sided, but much good has resulted, and further benefits would result under exclusive Federal regulation.

The consequences of the Adamson law and the declaration of its constitutionality by the Supreme Court will be the final test of its justice as well as of its expediency. Whether the interests of a restricted but cohesive class in society have been advanced at the expense of society as a whole will eventually appear. The Government by adding to the already large number of Federal employees has increased its difficulties as well as its political possibilities by standing in the dual rôle of employer and candidate for political support. The example of France and particularly of Belgium in connection with the railroad vote indicates what such a condition can lead to.

A good deal of space is occupied with a comparison of the merits of Government regulation and Government ownership. Canada is perhaps the country best comparable with our own, and in two incisive chapters Mr. Dunn analyzes the failure of Government ownership of railroads there and accounts for it. The author shows that our experience with the Post Office Department is not an argument in favor of Government ownership of railways, but rather the opposite.

> The accounts of the Department have been so kept that nobody knows how much capital has been invested in the buildings and other facilities used in rendering the postal service, and, therefore, nobody knows how much interest should be charged annually against this investment. Even all the operating expenses of the Department are not included in its report of expenditures. . . . If the expenses of the railways were as large in proportion to their earnings as those of the Post Office Department are on the average, they would have $30,000,000 per year less than nothing with which to pay taxes, interest, and dividends.

Concerning the effect of Government management on the distribution of wealth, Mr. Dunn says: "The burden of taxes which the present war will put upon the American people will be quite heavy enough without having large railway deficits added to it."

Perhaps the most significant and impregnable part of Mr. Dunn's contentions are found in the powerful chapter on "Some Political Phases of Government Ownership." This is based on an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1915, and shows the dangers for democracy when

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the economic and social interests are at the mercy of mere political expediency.

This interesting and valuable book concludes with a number of constructive suggestions and presents a rough scheme for regional holding corporations as the best plan for the after-war period. The recommendations may be summarized as follows: 1. We must abandon the principle of "near-confiscation" for the principle of public expediency. 2. The hearing and decision of important rate cases must be expedited. 3. The machinery of regulation must be radically improved. 4. The detective functions of the Interstate Commerce Commission had better be delegated to the Department of Justice or some other body. 5. Legislative interference with Federal regulation to enforce competition should be prevented. 6. The Interstate Commerce Commission should be given broader jurisdiction over railway construction, maintenance, and operation. 7. Maintenance of transportation is more important to the public than the rates it has to pay, and employees as well as companies should be compelled to respect the public interest. 8. The Interstate Commerce Commission should be given supervision over the issue of railway securities.

A Quaker Record

Friends and the Indians, 1655–1917. By Rayner Wickersham Kelsey. Philadelphia: The Associated Executive Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs.

THE average American, from his limited knowledge of the history of his country, can recall but little more concerning the Friends during the Colonial period than their tribulations in Puritan New England and their sensible dealings with the Indians in the purchase of Pennsylvania Colony in 1682; and he thinks of them as imprudently stubborn and much sinned against in the first instance, and as shrewdly politic, as well as peace-loving, in the other. Professor Kelsey has done valuable service for us all, not merely for his own kinsfolk, in describing so clearly and concisely the courageous faith, persevering peaceableness, and missionary zeal of the disciples of George Fox during the two hundred and sixty years of their life in America.

The first Quaker colonists were admonished by Fox to persuade "some of the Heathen Kings to gather their Council and People together that you may declare God's Everlasting Way of Life and Salvation to them"; and the records show how well their apostle's charge was honored. Coale and Thurston, journeying along the coast from Virginia to Massachusetts Bay (1657), made many opportunities to preach to the Indian tribes, usually having their own confidence and friendliness returned in kind; Holder and Copeland (1658) at various parts of the New England coast found among the Indians not merely friendly listeners, but sympathizing protectors against Puritan ill-will; and John Taylor (1659) so persuasively pleaded for a better life with the Long Island Indians that he later reported them very "loveinge" to him and attentive to the truth.

To the English of Massachusetts Bay, the Cavaliers of Virginia, and the Dutch of Manhattan Island, the pioneer Friend seemed to be alien in spirit and often aggressive and irritating; but to the Indians of New England, or Middle Colony, or Southern Colony, he always proved himself upright and friendly, conciliatory and sympathetic. To the red brother whose ignorance and degradation he truly pitied, whose confidence and higher welfare he earnestly sought, the Friend ever showed the best that was in him; while to the white brother whose intolerance he hated, and whose church methods antagonized him, he often showed an unattractive side of his nature.

In 1671 George Fox himself came to America; and "from Rhode Island to the Carolinas the founder of Quakerism travelled, and whenever opportunity offered he preached the Gospel to the Gentiles." After his return to England in 1673 he wrote often to his disciples in the Colonies, always urging them to be true to their duty of carrying the Gospel to the Indians. And shortly before his death in 1690 he wrote a last appeal in behalf of his former hosts: "Let your light shine among the Indians, . . . that ye may answer the truth in them, and bring them to the standard and ensign that God hath set up, Christ Jesus."

In nothing else have the Friends more truly resembled their founder and teacher than in missionary spirit and endeavor for the improvement of the Indians. This enterprise, specially important to all Friends, for many years was exclusively a direct individual "concerne"; for associated, coöperative work for the Indians was not established until the close of the eighteenth century, perhaps because of the Friend's inborn suspicion and dislike of organized religious methods and activities. But Mr. Kelsey clearly shows that the Friends, although consistent lovers of "the freedom of the Spirit," ever since their first settling in America, have for the most part been *as individuals* sensitively responsive to the Indians' pressing needs, constrained as they were by the injunctions of the Saviour of all and by the impulses of the Divine Spirit.

Especially interesting is the chapter on Grant's Peace Policy, the administrative reform which defeated the schemes of the "Indian Ring" of unscrupulous politicians for eight years, and called Christian men of proved integrity and ability to a service that honored the Government and wisely controlled and pacified the Indian tribes.

Few people know of the Friends' still flourishing Indian School at Tunesassa, in southwestern New York; yet it has the record of more than one hundred and twenty years of service for saving, educating, and civilizing the Iroquois Indians; while the story of the Friends' labors and sacrifices, still continued in the Oklahoma and Northern Alaska Missions, must appeal to all who love the romantic and heroic.

This volume of less than three hundred pages is comprehensive as to leading facts, if concise in statement, and the style is clear and easy; the more notable if one takes into account the almost endless mass of manuscript source material stored in archive safes, which the author has studied and drawn upon for his interesting story of Christian devotion and self-sacrifice.

"THE Soul of Democracy: The Philosophy of the World War in Relation to Human Liberty" (Macmillan; $1.25), by Edward Howard Griggs, must be entitled a "philosophy" in the same sense in which Hamlet denominated Horatio's way of thinking a philosophy. It is full of generalizations, and a temperament addicted to such generalizations finds it no less easy to prophesy. The future, Dr. Griggs thinks, will be given over to a current Socialist party which he contrasts with the Marxians. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Griggs's earlier books need not be told that the style of this work is fluent, and that its thought will not unduly tax the mind of the reader.

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Three Novels from the French

The Heart of Alsace. By Benjamin Vallotton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

Colette Baudoche: The Story of a Young Girl of Metz. By Maurice Barrès. Translated by Frances Wilson Huard. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Inferno. By Henri Barbusse. Translated by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Boni & Liveright.

IN that little work of rich and poignant humor, "Potterat and the War," M. Vallotton made it clear that Switzerland's official neutrality has not precluded the expression of natural racial sympathies. It is Switzerland's forced inaction in the hour of Belgium's outrage and of France's need that breaks the great heart of Potterat. The pages of this new book, a record of experience, "were dictated to the heart of a Swiss by his love of liberty. They tell the humble commonplace truth concerning simple lives, spent in the quietude of a narrow valley." A young French-Swiss, just out of the university and destined to be a schoolmaster, wishes to see a little of the outside world before settling down to his exacting and monotonous life-task. The chance comes of a tutorship in the household of an Alsatian manufacturer, in a valley of the Vosges. Here he is struck at once by the atmosphere of careful restraint, of hidden fires fed by an almost savage fortitude. Forty years have passed, and Germans swarm in the land, but they remain invaders and foreigners. The heart of Alsace still belongs to France, and her children lead an inner life in which the ruling stranger has no part. His obstinate exclusion is the fault of his racial temper and methods as well as of his status as an unwarranted intruder. He is determined to Germanize his "lost brothers" without trying to understand them, but they cannot be reached. To this contemptuous authority Alsace opposes her contemptuous though silent resistance; she waits, and dreams. Such is the land, tense under her surface quietude, to which the young Swiss comes. The Bohlers are typical Alsatians, industrious, law-abiding, neutral of manner, yet never for a moment anything but fierce lovers of the free Alsace that has been and may be again. For the younger generation there is a hard choice: to stay even at the cost of German military service so that the land shall not be deserted of her sons or to join her thousands of exiles. Madame Bohler is a Frenchwoman, and this for her sons tips the scale. They are preparing for St. Cyr; they will fight for France, and who knows but for Alsace? For their most intimate friends, the young Weisses, the other rôle has been chosen: one of them is destined to die for Alsace in a German uniform. To them all the Germans are "the Schwobs," the gross and arrogant barbarians, more to be despised than hated. That is a memorable moment when at a secret festival of loyal Alsatians the French flag is broken out, and a huge peasant who has once worn the stripes of a German sergeant announces that he is about to address the flag: "Every one looked at Badwiller, anxious and agitated. But his keen eyes were turned on the flag with magnificent intensity, as if an instinct were rising from his heart, a mysterious impulse. His breast heaved under the effort, the sweat stood out on his forehead. Twice the vine-dresser essayed to speak, speaking words, holding out his hands, splendid in his mute distress. Then suddenly the cry escaped him: 'Long live France, *Noun de Dié*' . . . . He sat down heavily, exhausted." The quiet action of the book extends to the present war.

What this book does for Alsace, "Colette Baudoche," though it first appeared some ten years ago, has done for Lorraine. M. Barrès had already given his Alsatian picture in "Service à l'Allemagne"; Colette, he says, is "the sister" of the young Ehrman of the earlier story. She stands for Lorraine, with her subdued graciousness, her devotion, her delicacy of feeling, her sense of fitness and racial honor. She is a girl of good blood and breeding who lives with her grandmother in that new Metz which still contains the old. They are poor, and the time comes when they are obliged to take a lodger, a young professor fresh from Königsberg. He is not a bad sort—for a German. His manners are coarse and his outlook is narrow, but he is not insensible to the refinement of character that belongs to the household in which he is tolerated. He has left a blonde Valkyrie at home who is to be his when he has attained a sufficient income. Gradually, however, though quite unconsciously, his heart succumbs to the charm of Colette. He perceives that her refinement is a refinement of character, and he dimly apprehends that it is a racial character that marks the society, the architecture, the spirit of old Lorraine. He changes under this quiet influence, and in his new unfeigned responsiveness becomes more tolerable to his hostesses. But they will have naught of his Germanism; it is only as he yields that they approach one another. Finally he understands what has happened to him, and in not unmanly fashion avows his feeling and his hopes. Propinquity and a sort of liking have done their work with Colette: the thing does not seem so outrageous, and she asks for time. There is the fiancée in Germany—but she may be disposed of. He makes off to attend to that little duty, after which he is to return for his answer. He does return, but meanwhile the strong undercurrents of Colette's nature and inheritance have asserted themselves; and to his bewilderment, on the confident eve of triumph, he finds himself dismissed with a summary though courteous word from a new, self-contained Colette of Lorraine who "recognizes the impossibility of bartering with the dead."

To these frankly emotional studies of racial and patriotic devotion, "The Inferno" of M. Barbusse is in the strangest contrast. It is a study of sterile individualism, of a human insect, and rather a nasty one, stuck helpless on the microscopic slide of his own morbid self-consciousness. The translator appears to rejoice in the fact that war-time Paris bought more than a hundred thousand copies of this book; we are unable to see in this a sign of health. A provincial of thirty comes to Paris, finds a place in a bank, and takes a room in an ordinary boarding-house. He is quite insignificant to everybody else and utterly absorbed in himself. He is ripe for the sort of adventure that ensues. He notices a slight crack near the ceiling in the wall that separates his room from the next. By standing on his bed he is able to look through it, and by enlarging it he is able to look through it very comfortably. Then begins the infernal action, such as it is. Through his hole in the vile wall our feeble friend beholds in little the panorama of human life, love, jealousy, sacrifice, lust, death. And it all amounts to nothing. "There is no paradise except that which we create in the great tomb of the churches. There is no hell, no inferno, except the frenzy of living. . . . I believe that around us there is only one word, the immense word which takes us out of our solitude, NOTHING."

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The War Books

PERHAPS it is significant not only of changed public feeling, but of the feeling among diplomats and soldiers, that publishers tell us the popularity of the personal war record has gone by; that the books of historical comment and practical suggestions for reconstruction are now in demand. One might gather from this that the romance of war is vanishing; succeeded by a "high seriousness," perhaps, and the desire for some outcome which shall atone. As bearing upon this point, it may be noted that our American books, comp red for instance with the books of the French, who know so much better than we what war is, are as yet rather callow, harsh in their lust for the fight, making their major appeal to the boyish spirit of adventurous crusade.*

"The Black Watch," by Scout Joe Cassells, is a typical "thriller." Cassells was one of the few survivors of the "contemptible little army" that fought from Mons to the Marne. "Ten Months in a German Raider" is the story of the master of the American bark Beluga, who with his wife was taken prisoner by the Germans and lived for almost a year on the r ider. "A famous big game hunter on the battlefield" is what the publishers call Captain A. Radclyffe Dugmore. He was at hand when the German line was "smashed" at the Somme and writes of his experiences in a book called "When the Somme Ran Red." "Life in a Tank" is described by Richard Haigh, M. C., commander of the tank Britannia. He and his companions left the infantry for the tank service because there seemed to be a better sporting chance with a shell than with a bullet and because "the new monster had our imaginations in thrall." "Hunting the Hun" is so terse as to be practically a manual for the soldier unused to fighting. Another manual of advice, a little more dignified, and less impassioned, as befits a general-father before his son, is "A General's Letters to His Son on Minor Tactics"; it has less of the informal character and more of the strictly pedagogical than its title might suggest. It is a useful little volume for the military aspirant. A handbook of similar general intention, designed, however, for the instruction of the boy, not the man, is "The Boys' Military Manual," a book that contains much information, but whose tone is to be deprecated.

"War seen through a temperament," might be said of the latest volume of Captain Hall.† It is a delightful book. Whereas Major Bishop turns his "Winged Warfare" into a businesslike account of slaughter and counter-slaughter, the American author does not lose sight of the human values of the terrific struggle. He emphasises the Homeric details which make us know and like the brave men who joined the Lafayette Squadron long before the United States entered the war. Hall is the amateur and Bishop the professional. In Captain Hall's book we get the excitement of the hunt with due regard for the rules and minor by-laws of this newest form of warfare. Major Bishop's book, on the other hand, reads like the diary of Louis XVI: "We hunted to-day and shot five deer. The Bastile was taken by a mob. Nothing new."

The life of Guynemer, by Jacques Mortane, is a hasty compilation of essential and non-essential details, doing on the whole but scant justice to the shy youth, with a divine gift for balancing the old clumsy flying machine of four years ago. Guynemer flew to rapid heights of fame. He was a simple boy. He avoided the noisy plaudits of the Parisian gallery. And one day, just as simply and unostentatiously, he sailed away into the blue sky of France, never to return. In due time an artist will see the wonderful appeal of this mythical being.

The little compact handbook which Flight Commander McMinnies of the British Navy has written for the benefit of all beginners is a cleverly worded and very cleverly illustrated volume. The students in our ground-schools will burn the forbidden midnight candle to learn the secrets of this strange new trade. As for the ponderous mass of woodpulp which the combined efforts of the house of Putnam and Mr. Willis J. Abbott (prolific author of topical histories) have covered with letters and pictures, it is excellent of its sort and small boys between the ages of ten and thirteen will greedily desire it for Christmas.

Compare the character of such books as these with the almost religious spirit apparent even in the titles of the French books‡—"The Faith of France," "The White Flame of France," and "The Flame that is France." These books are not propaganda of the vulgar sort; they are gloomy and heroic. The style of Emmanuel Bourcier's "Under the German Shells" reminds one of "Under Fire," except that there is more glorification of "la guerre," less concern with the future, less realism, and a more poetic glamour in the description. Henri Malherbe, who won the Goncourt prize of 1917 with his book, "The Flame that is France," has displayed his "heroic melancholy" in fragmentary description and impassioned meditation amounting almost to dream-fantasy. Maurice Barrès, in "The Faith of France," has collected profound and quasi-religious excerpts from soldiers' letters. Another somewhat similar anthology is "The Good Soldier," collected by Mrs. N. P. Dawson. Such letters give one an idea of the very personable character of the soldier as he is revealed against the background of war; self-conscious to the finger tips, yet seeming infinitesimal in the grip of the gigantic force which drives him on.

One of the latest of those fairly numerous volumes that purport to be communications from soldiers who have fallen is the slender book entitled "Thy Son Liveth." Whether or not its descriptions of life after death will carry conviction and afford the consolation to others that the mother who gave them to the public has herself derived from them must, of course, depend on the spirit of the reader.

Four American boys who went to France with the American ambulance service have told their experiences in a volume apiece.§ One of these, sent by his college fraternity to drive their own ambulance, was transferred to the more thankless task of truck-driving, which he honestly describes in "Trucking to the Trenches." "Ambulance 464" was driven by a modest lad of seventeen, of whom one should not expect too much as an author. In "The White Ro d of Mystery" Philip Dana Orcutt pays a fine tribute to the *brancardiers*—the stretcher-bearers—calling them the soul of the army. The driver of "No. 6" was probably worth more at the wheel than with the pen. These personal experiences are naturally much alike, and are recounted by cheerful, plucky lads of the type we delight to consider truly American. Perhaps nothing about them is finer than the way they accepted the inevitable adjustment incident to the arrival of the American troops in France; when, after serving their hard volunteer apprenticeship of many months, and acquiring rank, skill, and knowledge most valuable to the ambulance service, they were given the opportunity of enlisting as privates in the American army.

So much for those who themselves have been in the fight. Voices from behind the lines are heard in a number of books.‖ "High Altars," by John Oxenham, is a series of impressions gathered on battlefields in Flanders and France, including such historic spots as Vimy Ridge, Kemmel Mount, Beaumont-Hamel, and Bapaume. Mr. Oxenham's is the viewpoint of the poet rather than of the mere chronicler. Four war correspondents

**The Black Watch.* By Scout Joe Cassells. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Ten Months in a German Raider. By Captain John Stanley Cameron. Doran. $1.25 net.
When the Somme Ran Red. By Captain A. Radclyffe Dugmore. Doran. $1.75 net.
Life in a Tank. By Richard Haigh, M. C. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Hunting the Hun. By Captain James Belton and E. G. Odell. Appleton. $1.50 net.
A General's Letters to His Son on Minor Tactics. Doran. $1 net.
The Boy's Military Manual. By Virgil D. Collins. Stokes. $1 net.

†High Adventure. By James Norman Hall. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Winged Warfare. By W. A. Bishop. Doran. $1.50 net.
Guynemer, the Ace of Aces. By Jacques Mortane. Moffat, Yard. $1.50.
Practical Flying. By W. G. McMinnies. Doran. $1.50 net.
Aircraft and Submarines. By Willis J. Abbott. Putnam. $3.50 net.

‡The Faith of France. By Maurice Barrès. Houghton Mifflin. $1.60 net.
The White Flame of France. By Maude Radford Warren. Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.
The Flame That is France. By Henri Malherbe. Century. $1.
Under the German Shells. By Emmanuel Bourcier. Scribners. $1.50 net.
The Good Soldier. By N. P. Dawson. Macmillan. $1.25.
Thy Son Liveth. Little Brown. 75 cents.

§Trucking to the Trenches. By John Kantz. Houghton Mifflin. $1.
The White Road of Mystery. By Philip Dana Orcutt. Lane. $1.25 net.
Ambulance 464. By Julien H. Bryan. Macmillan. $1.50.
No. 6. By C. de Florez. Dutton. $1.50 net.

‖High Altars. By John Oxenham. Doran. 50 cents.
From Berlin to Bagdad. By George A. Schreiner. Harpers. $2 net.
From Bapaume to Passchendaele. By Philip Gibbs. Doran. $2.50 net.
A Reporter from Armageddon. By Will Irwin. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Void of War. By Reginald Farrer. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

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have published books which are picturesque, full of information, vividly personal. Journalistic enterprise could not fail to take full advantage of this vast panorama. Mr. Schreiner describes life and politics in the Ottoman Empire. He observes that the Turks seem more closely affiliated by temperament with the French than with the Germans; and he has much to say, also, in favor of the Turkish woman. Philip Gibbs has explored almost every nook and cranny of the war scene in France and Flanders. His book describes the retreat from the Somme, and the battles of Arras, Messines, and Flanders. He carries us deeper into the fight than the other correspondents. Will Irwin is more chatty over personalities, diplomats and peasants, in France, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland. How well they all write who have lived through these days of distress!* Something in the situation calls forth the creative faculty, and the same rhythm seems to flow through all their sentences.

"On the Fringe of the Great Fight," by Col. George G. Nasmith,† is of considerable interest where it deals with the medical and sanitary work of the British army, which came under his own immediate observation and in which he himself did excellent service, but unfortunately only a fraction of the book is devoted to this subject. Another book, too photographic to be pleasant, is by a hospital doctor. Descriptions of this aftermath of martyrdom, this sorry backwash of the wounded, are dangerous weapons in the hands of those who distrust war.

Next come the books from men and women too old to fight, or not in the way of taking notes behind the firing line.‡ They are interested in either political or spiritual aspects of the war and, as has been remarked before, a far more implacable spirit towards the enemy breathes from these pages than from those written in the heart of battle. A mother writes about "My Boy in Khaki." The spirit of the book might profitably be compared with the despair of the mother in Elizabeth Browning's "Mother and Poet." Madame Juliette Adam, indomitable patriot and superwoman, who in temperament and influence reminds one of old Margaret Celsing of northern legend, will perhaps live in spite of her eighty-one years to see the Prussian humbled and Alsace-Lorraine restored. "The Schemes of the Kaiser" is a collection of her political essays, mostly of a prophetic character, first published in her own paper, *La Nouvelle Revue*. Another French editor, Stephane Lauzanne, in "Fighting France," demands the return of Alsace-Lorraine and reparation. Both of these books call for "revanche" in a fierce, unfaltering tone. Another book, "Behind the Scenes in the Reichstag," by the Abbé E. Wetterle, ex-Deputy in the Reichstag and in the Alsace-Lorraine Chamber, falls into the same category; and there are similar exhortations in the American literature on the subject.

The third volume of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "A History of the Great War" contains a stirring chronicle of the British campaign in France and Flanders during the year 1916. This was the year of the battle of the Somme. It witnessed the début of the "tank," that weird engine of destruction, and the return of cavalry as an important arm of the service. It saw also the retirement of two outstanding figures, Mr. Asquith and "Father" Joffre. Under the title "The Great Crusade" are extracts from speeches delivered during the war by Mr. David Lloyd George while holding successively the offices of Minister of Munitions, Secretary of State for War, and Prime Minister. It includes such memorable utterances as the speech on the entry of America into the war, that on the Russian revolution, and the statement of the war aims of the Allies.

The spirit in which America has entered the war§ and the attitude of her fighting men furnish the occasion for an enthusiastic volume from the pen of Coningsby Dawson, whose "Out to Win" is an attempt to knit closer the bonds between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations by an interpretation of the younger democracy to the older. One of those books whose text is in a measure subordinate to its accompanying photographs and drawings, Nevil Monroe Hopkins's "Over the Threshold of War," contains some colorful pen pictures of the belligerents. In "What Every American Should Know About the War" Montaville Flowers has brought together under one cover the series of war addresses delivered at the National Conference of American Lecturers held in Washington in April, 1918. Another collection of war-time addresses is that in which under the title of "America's Message to the Russian People" the speeches delivered by the members of the American Mission to Russia are embodied. The addresses, whose dominant note is the dignity and beauty of democracy, are preceded by a brief introduction by Elihu Root. Ginn & Company have made available for schools the war addresses of President Wilson.

German post-bellum designs afford a fruitful field for speculation.‖ In "The Future of German Industrial Exports," however, S. Herzog has left little to the imagination, but with true German methodicalness has outlined an economic plan for his country quite as comprehensive and as ruthless as the programmes its militarists have devised. That in the midst of this war Germany is already preparing for the next is the contention of Mr. J. B. W. Gardiner, who, in "German Plans for the Next War," adduces in evidence of his belief her exploitation of conquered territories, the devastation wrought to the orchards and fields of France, the enslavement and malnutrition of Belgian and French prisoners of war, the measures taken to insure the increase of population, and the throttling hold maintained over her allies and conquered enemies. Reminiscent of the days when German action still seemed debatable to neutral nations is H. J. Suter-Lerch's "Germany Her Own Judge." The book, whose author terms himself "a cosmopolitan Swiss," is a rebuttal of Germany's contention that the war was, if not a defensive conflict, at least a preventive one. In "The German Pirate" the author has set forth the outstanding instances of German "frightfulness" on the high seas. The several books that have appeared of late from the pens of nursery governesses and waiting-women about the private lives of European potentates¶ have hardened us to the exploitation of what might well be regarded as "privileged" associations. For his disclosure of intimate conversations with his royal imperial patient, Dr. Arthur N. Davis, for fourteen years the Kaiser's dentist, offers a word of excuse in the preface to "The Kaiser as I Know Him." The narrative sheds little if any new light on the Emperor's private character. Mr. Poultney Bigelow's latest book, "Genseric," is only indirectly about his old friend and playmate, the Kaiser, whom he regards as the reëmbodiment of the celebrated Vandal conqueror, and not of him alone, but of Attila and Alaric as well, with whose deeds in Africa, France, and Italy he compares the achievements of the modern Germans under their war-lord.

Events march so fast nowadays that what has pertinence one month may lose it the next.** The situation that called forth Mark Sullivan's "Wake Up America!" a fervent appeal to the American people to bend all their energies to the building of ships, no longer exists. In like fashion Hermann Hagedorn's impassioned little volume addressed to his fellow German-Americans, "Where Do You Stand?" reverts to an excitement that has now passed.

**Les Turcs ont passé par là.* By Helen Davenport Gibbons. Berger-Levrault, Paris.
You Who Can Help. By Mary Smith Churchill. Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Liege on the Line of March. By Glenna L. Bigelow. John Lane. $1 net.
A Village in Picardy. By Ruth Gaines. E. P. Dutton. $1.50 net.
The Victim's Return. By Noëlle Roger. Houghton Mifflin.

†*On the Fringe of the Great Fight.* By George G. Nasmith. Doran. $1.50 net.
The New Book of Martyrs. By George Duhamel. Doran. $1.35 net.

‡*My Boy in Khaki.* By Della Thompson Lutes. Harpers. $1 net.
The Schemes of the Kaiser. By Juliette Adam. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Fighting France. By Stephane Lauzanne. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Behind the Scenes in the Reichstag. By Abbé E. Wetterle. Doran.
A History of the Great War. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Third volume. Doran. $2 net.
The Great Crusade. Speeches by David Lloyd George. Doran. $1.50 net.

§*Out to Win.* By Coningsby Dawson. Lane. 75 cents net.
Over the Threshold of War. By Nevil Monroe Hopkins. Lippincott.
What Every American Should Know About the War. By Montaville Flowers. Doran. $2 net.
America's Message to the Russian People. Edited by Elihu Root. Marshall Jones. $1.50.
War Addresses of President Wilson. Ginn. 32 cents.

‖*The Future of German Industrial Exports.* By S. Herzog. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
German Plans for the Next War. By J. B. W. Gardiner. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Germany Her Own Judge. By H. J. Suter-Lerch. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents.
The German Pirate. By Ajax. Doran. 75 cents.

¶*The Kaiser as I Know Him.* By Arthur N. Davis. Harpers. $2 net.
Genseric. By Poultney Bigelow. Putnam. $1.50 net.

***Wake Up America!* By Mark Sullivan. Macmillan. 60 cents.
Where Do You Stand? By Hermann Hagedorn. Macmillan. 50 cents.

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One of the most interesting and thought-provoking books on religion that the war has produced*—it has not produced many— is a little volume by the Rev. A. Herbert Gray, entitled "As Tommy Sees Us." The views expressed in its pages are the result of eighteen months of delightful companionship with men of the British army. The author has evidently endeavored to be perfectly frank—sometimes he is shockingly frank—in relating what he found regarding the stubbornly indifferent attitude of the soldiers towards the Church. His conclusion is: "It is not a mission to the people that is needed. It is a dispensation of the Holy Ghost within the Church herself." Two books by well-known Americans face the question of Christianity and war. Robert E. Speer, in "The Christian Man, the Church, and the War," absolutely rejects the position that war is a good thing in itself. His attitude is that aggressive war requires war as the only adequate answer. Harry Emerson Fosdick, in "The Challenge of the Present Crisis," appeals to his readers to regard the war, not as a reason for despair, but as a challenge to strength. Both writers insist upon the necessity of expunging hate from the heart, and upon seeing the limitations of the usefulness of war. "The peril with most Americans," is Mr. Fosdick's warning, "is not that they will undervalue force during these days of war; the peril is that they will be obsessed by it." "Philosophy and the War" looks towards a great awakening, mysterious and unforeseeable, as does "The Great Expectancy" of Margaret Prescott Montague.

The intricacies of the situation existing in the Balkans have been succinctly set forth by H. Charles Woods in "The Cradle of the War," a survey of events and policies in the Near East in recent years.† Mr. Woods writes from personal acquaintance with the conditions which he expounds, and his book, though so heavily freighted with facts as to make arduous reading, is one that should be appreciated by the public. Another volume that merits attention from those who would have accurate data on which to judge the negotiations that must ensue between the belligerent countries is "Stakes of the War." "A summary of the various problems, claims, and interests of the nations at the Peace Table," it presents in compact form, and in such arrangements as to make the material available for ready reference, the outstanding facts bearing upon the historic background, the economic status, the racial affinities, and the territorial demands of the warring European Powers. The work sedulously eschews controversy and confines itself to a bare narration of facts.

Evidence of endeavor to think out the difficult problems of the peace‡ must be welcome even if it sometimes shows more zeal than knowledge, as when Dr. Mercer speaks of an Austrian province of "Illyria" somewhere in the Balkans where people talk Slovene. Others deserve more serious attention. Mr. Houston of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States gives a documented account, having some historical interest, of the development of the proposal to use economic pressure both as a sanction of the League to Enforce Peace and independently by business men in case, but only in case, German armament continues a menace. Macmillan has reprinted in handy shape the draft convention of a League of Nations elaborated by a study group of distinguished Americans, on a basis sketched by Professor George Grafton Wilson; it is accompanied by comment by Mr. Theodore Marburg. Dr. Morris, like too many "scientists," undertakes to make ideas (and largely quite unproved ideas) developed in one field of knowledge, in this case biology, determine vast conclusions in more complex subjects such as that of human relations, in which factors not included in his premises complicate every issue. In this curious little book, with its coinage of new words, its crudities and absurdities, one seems to overhear an honest dogmatic person talking to himself aloud not without originality, shrewdness, and wit. Dr. McLeod's pamphlet in covers has a rather misleading title, for it is in reality a homily addressed to pacifists on the folly and wrong of their ways. The readers of "The Bulwarks of Peace" will be grateful for the convenient summaries of the successive propositions in the table of contents. With British good sense and not a little British complacency the book deals with interstate relations from the point of view of international law. Dr. Hart points out the unreality of the nominal independence of small states and opposes their having equal rights in a League of Nations. The Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men has issued and Douglas C. McMurtrie has written an invaluable bulletin on "The Evolution of National Systems of Vocational Reëducation for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors." After a brief discussion of the fundamental considerations that must govern rehabilitation work for the victims of the war, Mr. McMurtrie surveys the methods in use and the accomplishments to date of the organizations operating in belligerent countries. Of the three remaining books, that by Mr. Howe urges distribution of power among a few unitary groups rather than the formation of a world peace league. Mr. Woerner, not very hard-headed, perhaps, proves by his belief in a supernational law that hope springs eternal. Harriot Stanton Blatch urges the women to save civilization, to dare to think, to dare to be themselves because "the world is entering an heroic age calling for heroic women." Every reformer sees down the vista of the future the radiant glow of his own particular Utopia.

A CONTINUATION of her previous novel, upon which it somewhat depends, "The Holy City, Jerusalem II," by Selma Lagerlöf (Doubleday, Page; $1.50), gains its chief value from its pictorial representation of Palestine and from its vindictive depiction of religious, or rather irreligious, jealousies in Jerusalem. It is the tale of an American colony to which many Swedes have come. Various envious neighbors spread slanders; some of the community go mad; some continue their work against difficulties, and through it all the hot Levantine sun beats down. The love story does not matter. The thing which does matter is the bitterness which the distinguished recipient of the Nobel Prize has seen fit to enlarge out of all due proportion.

THE social idealism which furnishes the philosophical groundwork of Professor George Albert Coe's "A Social Theory of Religious Education" (Scribners; $1.50 net) is evolutionary and pragmatic, and includes the assumption that there should be no permanently servile class in the industrial world. The author abandons as inadequate the ideal of "unfolding the powers of the child" and adopts the ideal of "social adjustment and social efficiency," leading to "the progressive reconstruction of society." As a conequence, "the old separation between living and preparing to live is to be done away with even in studies." The conception of a largely incalculable and partly intractable "human nature" is set aside for the genetic view of the human mind. Mr. Coe does not regard religion as an instinct, but he does find it based on those instincts which, in themselves non-religious, are primary in the nature of man. Adolescence is regarded as a time of critical importance for the development of the social will, but it is not, as the biological theorists have taught, the time when the social nature awakens; and the successful passing of its crises depends largely upon the social experience of the pre-adolescent period. Professor Coe has conceived his task comprehensively. The work has a great deal of material for immediate practical use, but its programme as a whole is intended to be realized only through a long process of social evolution.

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*_As Tommy Sees Us._ By Rev. A. Herbert Gray. Longmans. $1 net.

The Christian Man, the Church, and the War. By Robert E. Speer. Macmillan. 60 cents.

The Challenge of the Present Crisis. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. Doran. 50 cents net.

The New Horizon of State and Church. By William H. P. Faunce. Macmillan. 60 cents.

Christ's Challenge to Man's Spirit in This World Crisis. By George William Douglas. Longmans. 75 cents net.

Philosophy and the War. By Ralph Tyler Flewelling. Abingdon Press. 60 cents net.

The Great Expectancy. By Margaret Prescott Montague. Dutton. 35 cents net.

†_The Cradle of the War._ By H. Charles Woods. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

Stakes of the War. By Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank. Century. $2.50.

‡_Allied and American Peace Terms._ By Samuel A. B. Mercer. The Young Churchman Company, Milwaukee. 60 cents net.

Blocking New Wars. By Herbert S. Houston. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Draft Convention for League of Nations. Macmillan. 25 cents.

The Way Out of War. By Robert T. Morris. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

The World War and the Road to Peace. By T. B. McLeod. Macmillan. 60 cents.

The Bulwarks of Peace. By Heber Hart. Methuen. London.

The Evolution of National Systems of Vocational Re-education for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors. Federal Board for Vocational Education.

War and Progress. By William S. Howe. Leroy Phillips. $1 net.

Supernationalism. By William F. Woerner. Nixon, Jones Printing Company, St. Louis.

Mobilizing Woman Power. By Harriot Stanton Blatch. Woman's Press. $1.25 net.

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Notes

ON October 10 Henry Holt & Company will publish "Patriotic Drama in Your Town," by Constance Mackay.

Paul B. Hoeber announces for publication, on October 25, "United States Army X-Ray Manual."

For October publication Little, Brown & Company announce "Out of the Silences," by Mary E. Waller.

E. P. Dutton will publish during the autumn: "Lanterns in Gethsemane," by Willard Wattles; "How to Speak with the Dead"; "The Scarecrow," by G. Ranger Wormser; "Far Away and Long Ago," by W. H. Hudson.

WHEN Mr. Archibald Henderson in 1911 gratified an expectant public by supplying an authorized biography of G. B. S. in more than five hundred pages, the mob of Shaw's admirers were deterred from buying the work chiefly because of its high price. Now a popular-priced edition of the book, originally published by Stewart & Kidd, of Cincinnati, for five dollars, has been brought out with the same title, "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works" (Boni & Liveright; $1.50 net), printed from the original plates, with the full text and most of the original illustrations, the original introduction, the English and American prefaces to the first edition, index, and facsimiles of photographs and playbills. As this reprint includes nothing later than 1911, there is of course no discussion of "Fanny's First Play," "Misalliance," "Getting Married," and "Androcles and the Lion," two of which at least have won much appreciation on the stage. But since Shaw's prefaces to these last works throw the searchlight of his intellect on every unillumined corner of the social and economic field, the reader need not be left in the dark here. For the rest, little has been added to our knowledge of Shaw's life and views in the intervening six years since this critical biography was published, and Mr. Henderson's painstaking and conscientious account of Shaw *ab initio* must always be timely and interesting because of its subject. One follows, through all these facts laboriously gathered, the difficult steps in this remarkable career, from the meagre days in Dublin and London, through all the phases of poverty and failure and success as accompanist, novelist, Fabian Socialist, cart-tail orator, critic of art, music, and drama in turn, until the final development into the brilliant playwright and Mephistopheles of the British drama. Shaw himself records that he earned six pounds in nine years from his writings, and one rather rejoices in the vengeance he is exacting from publishers and producers to-day! Mr. Henderson's gifts are less those of the critic than of the biographer; he narrates with plodding fidelity, and this life is therefore more valuable for its material than for its critical discrimination. The account of facts, the story of the plays, are better than the portrait of the man. Surely never was so skipping a spirit pursued more doggedly by so pedestrian a biographer! We are told what Shaw eats, what he drinks, what he says, what he thinks; but we can capture for ourselves more of that dazzling, paradoxical, defiant spirit with its pose, its sincerity, its asceticism, and its hatred of cruelty in one play (always including its preface) than in all these five hundred informing pages.

THE volumes in the "Modern Library of the World's Best Books" may be republications, their price may be small, but that is no reason why they should not be edited with care. To "The Art of Aubrey Beardsley" (Boni & Liveright; 60 cents net), a recent volume, there is a preface by Arthur Symons. In it we read of the admirable portrait of Beardsley painted by M. Jacques Blanche and "reproduced in the frontispiece," but the frontispiece is a fairly well-known photograph of Beardsley, made by Mr. Frederick Evans. An essay follows, in which Mr. Symons calls attention to three drawings which he thinks characteristic of certain phases of Beardsley's art—"The Scarlet Pastorale," "The Mysterious Rose-Garden," and an initial letter from "Volpone." But these three designs are not included among the illustrations. Otherwise, Beardsley's different periods are more or less well represented and it is possible to trace most of the various influences under which he came—Burne-Jones, the Japanese, French eighteenth-century illustrators, tendencies in the art and literature of his day—and to see how throughout he remained himself, at each stage evolving a style, a method, a form of expression entirely his own. Mr. Symons is right when he says that Beardsley "had that originality which surrenders to every influence, yet surrenders to absorb, not to be absorbed." Beardsley was wholly of his time, neither resurrecting the past nor forestalling the future. His work was done in the nineties when Félicien Rops had a following and Sar Péladan was taken seriously, when symbolism and mysticism and Rosicrucianism were the vogue in Paris, when Huysmans was philandering with Black Magic, when Carlos Schwabe was illustrating "Le Rêve," and Oscar Wilde writing "Salome." These were the things—this the phase—that amused Beardsley because he was young, with keen, curious eyes for adventure in art and literature as in life. He was essentially of his age in his subjects, as in his technical methods. Moreover, he was an artist, sensitive to beauty in line and form, to rhythm in design, to color in black-and-white. It is no wonder that sometimes in his drawings he mocked at people who persisted in seeing in him only a master of depravity.

FATHER J. A. ZAHM'S little book on "The Quest of El Dorado" (Appleton) does not pretend to advanced scholarship; it does not undertake to throw any new light upon a subject which has inspired some of the ablest modern historians, including Clements Markham, Joaquin Acosta, Conrad Haebler, and Restrepo Tirado. The author has assigned to himself the pleasant task of retelling in more popular vein the picturesque tales of adventure recorded of the first white explorations into the wilds of northern and northwestern South America. The book brings together a series of articles which appeared originally in the *Bulletin* of the Pan-American Union. The brief but vivid chapters on the various Spanish, English, and German expeditions are illustrated with liberal and illuminating extracts from the chronicles and memoirs of the participants. In fact, for the first time, readers of English have been given the gist of many solid—frequently stolid—narratives, more or less obscure and inaccessible, which tell the romantic story of a century of searching for the treasures of a third great aboriginal kingdom—the hoard of another Montezuma, of another Inca. The illustrations of the volume are well chosen from contemporary prints, but a facsimile of Pizarro's signature (p. 211) is erroneously marked as Carvajal's. Among the useful outline maps the reader misses one indicating the habitat of the various Indian tribes.

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TO the average observer, "Market Street, Philadelphia," would seem the most unlikely street in the world about which to write a book. But Mr. Joseph Jackson has found in it material enough to justify his sub-title, "The Most Historic Highway in America." Mr. Jackson begins his story with the coming of William Penn, his choice of Market as the High Street of his town, and the building of his first residence, the little Letitia House, that now stands on a green slope in Fairmount Park. In Thomas Jefferson's lodgings on Market Street the Declaration of Independence was written. During the struggles of the young republic, Washington and John Adams lived in the stately Market Street mansion, which was the first home of the Presidents of the United States. Nor is the history of the street merely political; the block between Front and Second Mr. Jackson calls "Printing-House Square," so closely is it associated with Franklin, the Bradfords, and less famous early American printers. In Market Street were published the first quarto American Bible in English, the first American daily paper, the first American monthly, and the first American play. To Market Street came distinguished strangers from England, like William Cobbett and Dr. Priestley; from France notorieties like Genet, the hero of his hour, and, later on, Napoleon's brother Joseph and nephew Lucien. And there too lived Philadelphians with names social Philadelphia now holds sacred—Cadwalladers and Biddles, Mifflins and Shippens, Chews and Ingersolls, Wis*ters* and Wis*tars* both, some figuring already as "gentlemen," some engaged in business their descendants to-day might prefer to forget. It is almost impossible to believe in the early greatness of a street so unlovely in our time, centre as it is of commerce, wholesale and retail, of railroads, of movies, of trolleys, of big department stores. A Schwartz sells toys where Washington once dwelt; the Lit Brothers, Adler, Stern, Roehm, Hess, Markovitz, Strauss, and Bachrach are names that replace those of Philadelphia's "First Families," while the beautiful Colonial houses have disappeared, until not more than two or three are to be found in the whole length of this prosperous thoroughfare. Mr. Jackson not only tells the story well, but his book is carefully made, with an excellent index, directories for 1788, 1801, and 1918, and an admirable list of illustrations, which include many curious old prints.

THE problem of foreign missions in the light of the Great War is considered by J. Lovell Murray in "The Call of a World Task" (Student Volunteer Movement; 60 cents). He makes an appeal for a "full mobilization of Christian forces" for the Christianization of the world. Written in noble spirit, the book preserves an unusual sanity and breadth of view in its discussion of war problems, and rightly emphasizes the social needs which Christian missions must serve in foreign lands. A fresh contribution to war literature is found in the stories of missionary activities in war times. Is there any finer instance of Christian brotherhood than that exemplified by the British missionaries of India in their relations with German missionaries? One notes with regret a fling at "the writings of Paine and Voltaire and Huxley"; is it possible that the old superstition of "infidels" still survives? A much more important fault is the author's apparent ignorance of the science of comparative religion; Christian and heathen are in his apprehension mutually exclusive terms. The book is admirably arranged for study classes.

THE story of a life devoted to duty in a wide sphere of usefulness is told in "The Life of Sir Colin C. Scott-Moncrieff," edited by his niece, Mary Albright Hollings (London: John Murray). A Scotchman by birth, his public career began in India, where for more than twenty years he superintended the irrigation works. Then he was transferred to Egypt, where, by his success in controlling the Nile floods and in securing the freedom of the Egyptian peasant from practical slavery by the abolition of the *corvée*, he did more for the people than had been done in a thousand years. At the request of the Russian Government, he went to Central Asia to superintend the irrigation of the Oxus, and later he reported upon similar works in Southern Europe. At the meeting of the British Association in South Africa he was the president of the Engineering Section, and in 1907 he gave a course of Lowell Lectures in Boston. His last public service was as Under-Secretary for Scotland, where he labored with zeal and single-minded devotion to duty. The value of this account of a life so full of interest, which brings us into close touch with many distinguished people and places in all parts of the world except South America, is largely due to the fact that it is told almost entirely by Sir Colin himself in his letters to his family and friends. His fine character and his deep religious feeling are thus revealed far better than they could have been by a biographer.

IN his "Theories of Social Progress" (Macmillan; $2.25) Professor Arthur James Todd, of the University of Minnesota, has given us probably the most complete statement of his subject yet produced in the United States. It is really a handbook of the fundamental beliefs of the great majority of the American people with regard to the prospects of human improvement. Quite apart from the intrinsic merit of these beliefs and their ultimate fate in the world, Professor Todd's work will be a significant historical document. To-day it is a most valuable means whereby we may know ourselves and others may know us. The book is divided into four parts, of which the first deals with "Human Nature and Social Progress." The topics taken up under this head include analysis of the self from the psychological point of view and also as a social product. Possibly the most satisfying contribution of the author to his subject is to be found in the second part, a sound presentation of "The Concept and Criteria of Progress." The third part is the most pretentious, on "The Prophets of Progress." They are divided into four classes: materialistic, biological, institutional, and ideological. The materialistic comprise geographic determinists, inventionists, money, capital, division of labor, and the economic interpretation of history. In the biological category are found the selectionists, eugenists, racialists, and militarists. The institutional, as a class, cover property, the family, government, law, public opinion, great men, heroes, the élite, language, and religion. Finally, under the ideological come the idealists, the intellectualists, and the artists. The last part consists of a brief outline of "the educational implications of social progress" and a chapter in which the author summarizes his work. Except for the second part, Professor Todd's industry in reading and arranging materials is a greater service than his critical judgment. Yet he has undoubtedly placed at our disposal a remarkably comprehensive account of modern speculation on the possibilities of improvement in human society, and for this we cannot withhold our gratitude.

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Music and Musicians

International Who's Who in Music and Musical Gazetteer. By César Saerchinger. New York: Current Literature Co.

The Earlier French Musicians. By Mary Hargrave. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.

On Listening to Music. By E. Markham Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

The Bethlehem Bach Choir. By Raymond Walters. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50 net.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes. Edited by Philip Hale. Boston: C. A. Ellis.

AMERICAN music and musicians are receiving more and more attention. Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" is to have a supplementary volume devoted to them. And now comes the "International Who's Who," which purposes, by periodical issues, to keep information up to the hour, and which really gives to Americans almost more than their fair share of its pages. An interesting feature of this volume is a geographical index listing the names of players, singers, teachers, conductors, and critics in all important European and American towns. Thus in New York city alone there are 48 musical critics, 79 conductors, 123 pianists, and 167 composers. Mr. Saerchinger also gives lists of opera houses, leading orchestras and choral societies, concert managers and music publishers. When death comes, fame, however great, availeth not, and the name comes out of "Who's Who," to be perpetuated perhaps, for a time at least, in the larger musical dictionaries, like Grove's or Riemann's. As time goes on the sifting process proceeds, and only the real giants survive.

Miss Mary Hargrave's book tells of the careers and ideals of some of the great French composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, particularly Lully, Rameau, Grétry, Méhul, Lesueur, Cherubini, and Boieldieu. Like everything French, these composers cannot fail to be of special interest to Americans. Of the composers named, the most interesting are Lully and Grétry, particularly Grétry, who anticipated Richard Wagner in some of his most important doctrines and practices; as in his opera "Zémire," when the slave assures his master that the storm is over, while the orchestra breaks out with fresh violence to show that it is still raging.

Early French music is so tuneful, so sprightly in its rhythms, and so simple in its harmonies that no special training is required for its comprehension. It is antipodal to the French music of to-day—the works of such composers as Debussy, Ravel, Dukas—which often puzzles even musical experts, and can be understood by most concert and opera goers only by the most concentrated attention and frequent repetition. In these two processes lies the art of listening to music. More detailed directions as to how to acquire this art have been attempted by Riemann, Mathews, Krehbiel, Kobbé; and now comes E. Markham Lee with a similar volume. Like most of his predecessors, he makes the mistake of supposing that describing the anatomy of the pieces one hears at a concert will help one to appreciate them; but there are many shrewd remarks in his book which make its perusal worth while.

The most difficult of the old masters to understand is Bach; yet he is one of the most melodious of all the great composers, and every one can learn to follow his ravishing melodies if the conductor, his singers, and his players know how to give them their proper perspective amid their contrapuntal complications. When Bach is properly done and understood he arouses an almost incomparable enthusiasm among both performers and hearers. Eloquent proof of this may be found in "The Bethlehem Bach Choir," by Raymond Walters, which gives an account of the doings of a choir in the Pennsylvania steel town and reads like a romance. The devotion of Dr. Wolle, combined with the generosity of Charles M. Schwab, and the absolute, intense concentration of several hundred singers on the genius of Bach combine to make Bethlehem a sort of American Bayreuth which annually attracts to its festivals music lovers from all over the country. It is the most perfect example of community singing in America, and as such deserves careful attention from all leaders and educators. Dr. Wolle's method of teaching his choir to master the difficulties of the old scores is unique, ingenious, and suggestive. He begins at the end—but read what Mr. Walters has to say on the subject. His book should stand on the same shelf with Mr. Sonneck's treatises and the histories of the New York Philharmonic and Boston Symphony Orchestras.

The Boston Orchestra, which has lately been thoroughly Americanized as well as unionized, not only has a book devoted to its history, but every year the elaborate descriptive programmes, formerly written by Mr. Apthorp, and in recent years prepared by the equally scholarly Philip Hale, are published in book form. They are well worth this honor, and the set of these bound programmes, together with the helpful indices, makes an invaluable source of information regarding the best music of all countries at all times.

HENRY T. FINCK

Drama

James Joyce as a Dramatist*

JAMES JOYCE'S "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is dated "Dublin 1904, Trieste 1914." The action of "Exiles" is indicated as passing in 1912. The play, therefore, succeeds the novel in time. But if "Exiles" be more recent than "Portrait of the Artist," it is far less modern. In the novel James Joyce created a form that was individual and distinctively modern, that suggested new horizons. The play is in Ibsen's form, without the symbolism that haunted Ibsen's plays and without his conclusiveness and his climaxes. Mr. Joyce may return to the drama and bring into it some of the discoveries that make his narrative so startling. Meantime, "Exiles" would make it appear that narrative is his peculiar domain.

The distinction of the play is in the characters presented. Richard Rowan, a writer newly returned to his native Dublin; Bertha, his young wife; and Robert Hand, a journalist, are unusual people. They are Catholic Irish, and two of them, Richard Rowan and Robert Hand, would pass beyond good and evil with words derived from Catholic philosophy on their lips. The play is a triangle, but we forget to name it so because of the oddness of the trio's relation. The characters in the triangle are Richard, Bertha, and Robert.

**Exiles.* A Play in Three Acts. By James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.

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In a way this triangle is duplicated by another, a shadowy one: Richard Rowan, Robert Hand, and Robert's cousin and supposed betrothed, Beatrice Justice. Richard Rowan is a man with a hurt soul. He is deeply in love with Bertha, a girl with whom he eloped some years before, but Bertha is not adequate to the whole of his personality. He corresponds with Beatrice Justice, and his new work is influenced by her. Moreover, he has been unfaithful to Bertha through many casual connections. He knows, too, that Robert Hand, his soul-friend of former days, is making love to Bertha. He will not deny her a particle of freedom, but he is tortured by a doubt as to her faithfulness. The play ends inconclusively—without Richard's having attained that liberation that he has been striving for with such agony. "I am wounded, Bertha," he says to her at the end.

> . . . I have wounded my soul for you—a deep wound of doubt which can never be healed. I can never know—never in this world. I do not wish to know or to believe. I do not care. It is not in the darkness of belief that I desire you. But in restless, living, wounding doubt. To hold you by no bonds even of love, to be united to you in body and soul in utter nakedness—for this I longed. And now I am tired for a while, Bertha. My wound tires me.

Bertha, with her candid, forgiving nature, may cure Richard of his wound. But in the last scene he has hardly been frank with her. For in the second act he has told Robert Hand:

> Because at the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and her—in the dark, in the night, meanly, craftily. . . . She has spoken always of her innocence as I have spoken always of my guilt, humbling myself. . . . From pride and from ignoble longing . . . And from a deeper motive still.

So he accuses himself, and Robert tells him that the Church has lost a theologian in him. But Robert Hand is something of a theologian, too, and he can quote Duns Scotus with effect. Meanwhile, Beatrice Justice has faded out of the play.

Bertha is the first notable woman character that James Joyce has created. She is a subtle character. We get the suggestion that she has had little education, yet she carries herself with real simplicity and dignity. For all her contact with the super-subtle Richard she remains unspoiled, alluring, unconventional, faithful. She has her outbreaks and she knows where to strike at Richard. Her simplicity and her good sense are shown in her last dialogue with Beatrice Justice, the woman who is able to understand her husband's mind and work. When Beatrice says, "Do not let them humble you, Mrs. Rowan," Bertha answers:

> Humble me! I am very proud of myself, if you want to know. What have they ever done for him? I made him a man. What are they all in his life? No more than the dust under his boots. He can despise me too, like the rest of them—now. And you can despise me. But you will never humble me, any of you.

It is in passages such as this that James Joyce shows his power to draw a real and distinctive character.

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Finance

Our Changing Investment Market

THE canvass now under way to place the greatest war loan that any Government ever attempted to sell will have a far-reaching effect upon the investment market of the United States. There is no doubt that the campaign will be highly successful and that the loan will be oversubscribed. By the time the canvass closes, a United States Government bond will have become a household possession in almost every home from Maine to California. But this great campaign is having an important influence also in educating several million little investors in the value of bond investments. Probably 90 per cent of the 12,000,000 savings depositors of the United States are enrolled on the Liberty Bond lists, and besides them there is a vast body of investors among wage earners. Nearly $50,000,000 of the New York city allotment of third Liberty Loan bonds were placed on the partial-payment plan.

Up to eighteen months ago, the great bond houses took little pains to conciliate the small investor. In those days the average bond dealer thought in units of $1,000 bonds and paid little attention to the $100 variety. By issuing the Liberty Loan in denominations as low as $50, the Government has reached a multitude of little investors, some of whom would have found it difficult to subscribe even for $100 bonds.

In this way the United States is fast becoming a land of small investors, such as France has cultivated for years past. The Bank of France does a large proportion of its business with small depositors, and although it is one of the greatest state banks of Europe, this institution has found it profitable to make very small individual advances to its customers. Is it too much to expect that our banks, after the war is over, will offer greater facilities for the small borrower as well as the small investor? The machinery of our Federal Reserve Bank system might have to be changed in some details if this new, but vitally important, class of business should be taken up. Many of the depository banks have held out against such business on the theory that it was not worth cultivating, and some have even imposed a charge of $2 a month on all active accounts showing an average balance of less than $200. Banking methods, however, have been vitally changed by the new order of things brought about by the war, and some bank managers may find it advisable to take on a large volume of business against which they have discriminated in years past.

The vice-president of one of the most successful Wall Street banks is authority for the statement that his institution's great business was built up by cultivating the small depositor. The bank, said he, which did the right thing by its small depositors was certain to retain the business of those clients after they had become financially stronger and able to carry a large daily balance. No hard and fast rule can be laid down for dealing with small depositors; each bank has to determine its own course, as indicated by its particular problems. The probability is, however, that New York banks, in common with all others, will revise their methods of dealing with both the small investor and the small depositor as soon as it is possible to resume normal business again.

WILLIAM JUSTUS BOIES

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Conger-Kaneko, Josephine. Woman's Voice. Stratford, $1.50.
Modern Students' Library Series. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Meredith's Essay on Comedy. Essays of Robert Louis Stevenson. Scribners. 75 cents each.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Choyce, A. N. Memory Poems of War and Love. Lane. $1 net.
Dearmer, Geoffrey. Poems. McBride. $1.00 net.
Fletcher, J. G. Japanese Prints. Four Seas. $1.75 net.
Guiterman, Arthur. The Mirthful Lyre. Harpers. $1.25 net.
Helton, Roy. Outcasts in Beulah Land. Holt. $1.30 net.
Meynell, Alice. A Father of Women and Other Poems. London: Burns & Oates.
Rice, C. Y. Songs to A. H. R. Century. $1.00.
Sigerson, Dora. The Sad Years. Doran. $1.25 net.

THE ARTS

Downes, Olin. The Lure of Music. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Heermann, Norbert. Frank Duveneck. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

FICTION

Barrès, Maurice. Colette Baudoche. Doran. $1.50 net.
Gibbs, George. The Golden Bough. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Gray, David. The Boomerang. Century. $1.40.
Martin, H. R. Maggie of Virginsburg. Century. $1.40.
Riesenberg, Felix. Under Sail. Macmillan. $2.50.
Taylor, A. Mr. Squem and Some Male Triangles. Doran. $1.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Franck, H. A. Working My Way Around the World. Century. $1.35.
Hooker, Katherine. Byways in Southern Tuscany. Scribners. $3.50 net.
Muir, John. Steep Trails. Houghton Mifflin. $3.00 net.
Nicholson, Meredith. The Valley of Democracy. Scribners. $2 net.
Wood, A. C. Old Days on the Farm. Doran. $1.50 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Charles Anthony Goessmann. Published by the Corporation and the Associate Alumni of Massachusetts Agricultural College.
Collins, Francis A. Naval Heroes of To-day. Century. $1.50.
Koizumi, Setsuko. Reminiscences of Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton Mifflin. $1.00 net.
Marsh. Rupert Brooke. Lane. $1.25 net.
Nicolay, Helen. The Book of American Wars. Century. $2.00.
Thwaites, R. G., and Kendall, C. N. A History of the United States for Grammar Schools. Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.
Wheeler, Candace. Yesterdays in a Busy Life. Harpers. $3. net.

NATURAL SCIENCE

Babcock, R. H. Your Heart and How to Take Care of It. Doran. $1.50.
Beebe, C. W. Jungle Peace. Holt. $1.75 net.
Dixon, Royal. The Human Side of Animals. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Fabre, J. H. Our Humble Helpers. Century. $2.
Osborn, H. F. Men of the Old Stone Age. New and popular edition. Scribner. $3.50 net.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Cooley, C. H. Social Progress. Scribner. $2 net.
Davis, M. M., Jr., and Warner, A. R. Dispensaries. Macmillan. $2.25.
Gilbert, A. B. American Cities. Macmillan. $1.50.
Howe, J. B. The Eve of Election. Macmillan. $1.25.
Marshall, L. C. Readings in Industrial Society. University of Chicago Press. $3.50 net.
Rignano, Eugenio. Essays in Scientific Synthesis. Open Court.
Robertson, J. M. The Economics of Progress. Dutton. $5 net.
Sixteenth Annual Report of the Reclamation Service. Government Printing Office. 65 cents.
Stockett, J. N., Jr. The Arbitral Determination of Railway Wages. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Williams, Valentine. The Man with the Club Foot. McBride. $1.50 net.
Zwimers, A. E. Nationality and Government. McBride. $3.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Adams, C. H. Things that Cannot Be Shaken. The Woman's Press.
Dickinson, S. T. Fellowship Prayers. The Woman's Press.
Hall, C. A. They Do Not Die. Macmillan. $1.50.
Kerr, H. T. The Supreme Gospel. The Woman's Press.
King, H. C. The Way of Life. Macmillan. $1.60.
Larson, C. D. Healing Yourself. Crowell. $1.00 net.
Redbeard, Ragnar. Might is Right. London: W. J. Robbins. $1.50.
The New Testament. The Woman's Press. $1.00 net.

EDUCATION

Bobbitt, Franklin. The Curriculum. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Bull, L. M. Easy Free Composition in French. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Dorado, C. M. Primeras Lecciones de Español. Ginn. 96 cents.
Faust, C., and Thompson, S. Old English Poems. Scott, Foresman.
Frothingham, A. L. Simplified Italian Manual. Princeton University Press. 50 cents net.
Marichal, J. P. R. A Primer of French Literature and History. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Moraud, Marcel. Sous les Armes. Holt.
Pasmore, D. F. Karl Gutzkow's Short Stories. Menasha, Wisconsin: Banta. $1.40.
Taber, C. W. The Business of the Household. Lippincott's Home Manual. $2 net.
Tarkington, Grace A. My Country. Ginn. 96 cents.
Wolff, J. S. Pour la Patrie. Dutton. 65 cents net.

THE WAR

Beatty, Bessie. The Red Heart of Russia. Century. $2.00.
Clark, J. M., Hamilton, W. H., Moulton, H. G. Readings in the Economics of War. University of Chicago Press. $3.00 net.
Gone Astray. Leaves from an Emperor's Diary. Lane. $1.50 net.
Lucas, J. R. The Children of France and the Red Cross. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Negulesco, Gogu. Rumania's Sacrifice. Century. $1.50.
Perry, Lawrence. Our Navy in the War. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Poling, D. A. Huts in Hell. Boston: The Christian Endeavor World. $1.35.

JUVENILE

Bacon, J. D. On Our Hill. Scribner. $2.00 net.
Beard, Patten. The Jolly Book of Funcraft. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Derbyshire, E. C. How To Be Good Stories. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Dodge, Louis. The Sandman's Forest. Scribners. $2.00 net.
Hale, B. F. R. Little Allies. Stokes. $1.50.
Judson, K. B. Old Crow and His Friends. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Lanier, H. W. The Book of Bravery. Scribners. $2.
Latham, H. S. Under Orders. Macmillan. $1.35.
Leonard, N. M. Limpytoe's Attic Home. Crowell. 50 cents net.
McFee, I. N. Little Tales of Common Things. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Perry, Lawrence. The Big Game. Scribners. $1.35.
Sabin, E. L. On the Overland Stage. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Seaman, A. H. Melissa Across the Fence. Century. $1.00.
Seaman, A. H. Three Sides of Paradise Green. Century. $1.35.
Seers, W. H. Nature Stories to Tell to Children. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
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